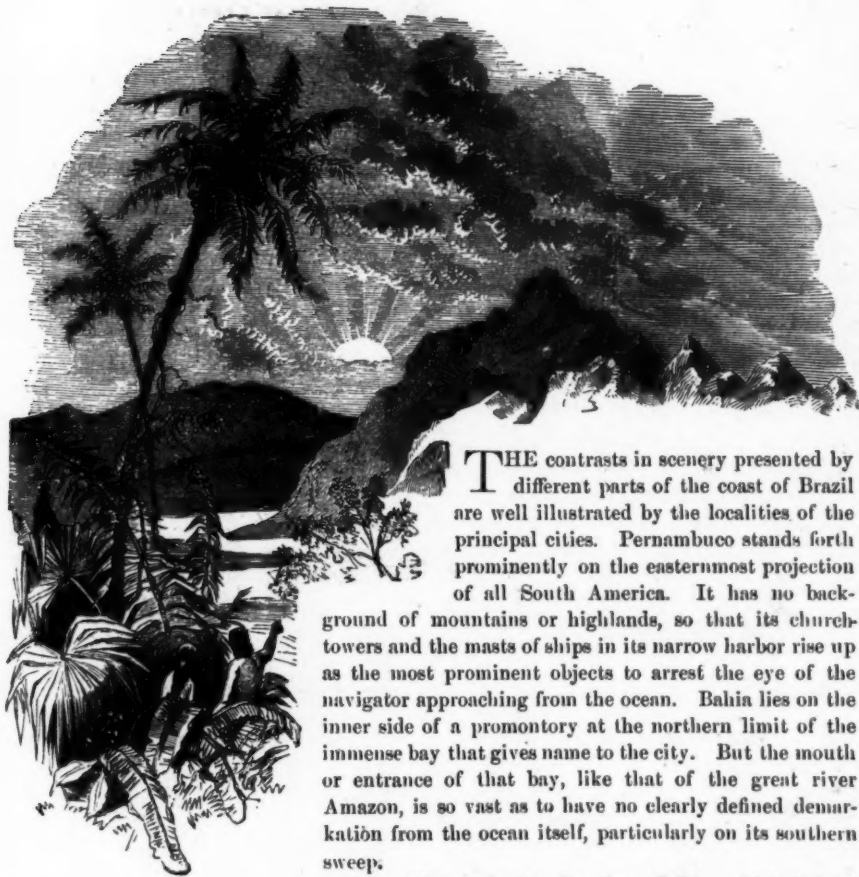


NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1879.

RIO DE JANEIRO.



BRAZILIAN PALM AND TROPICAL FOLIAGE.

THE contrasts in scenery presented by different parts of the coast of Brazil are well illustrated by the localities of the principal cities. Pernambuco stands forth prominently on the easternmost projection of all South America. It has no background of mountains or highlands, so that its church-towers and the masts of ships in its narrow harbor rise up as the most prominent objects to arrest the eye of the navigator approaching from the ocean. Bahia lies on the inner side of a promontory at the northern limit of the immense bay that gives name to the city. But the mouth or entrance of that bay, like that of the great river Amazon, is so vast as to have no clearly defined demarcation from the ocean itself, particularly on its southern sweep.

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to him to devise for it a fine sounding appellation which should couple the river with the month in which it was first

which the natives of the coast before his arrival had more fitly named Nitheroy, or the Hidden Water. Nevertheless the Portu-



I. Mel.

I. Pal.

Santa Cruz.

Sugar Loaf.

ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

Tres Irmaos.

Corcovado.

Gavia.

seen by Europeans. But in so doing he immortalized his own blunder. He had, in fact, found no river, but a magnificent bay,

whose name, having been published in Europe, was not only perpetuated by the nation which colonized Brazil, but has been adopted

and preserved without variation in the various languages of the world. That name, moreover, has come to represent not only the bay to which it was erroneously attached,

but necessarily a faint-idea of the general appearance of the mountains seen by a person arriving off the harbor of Rio by daylight. But no words can adequately depict

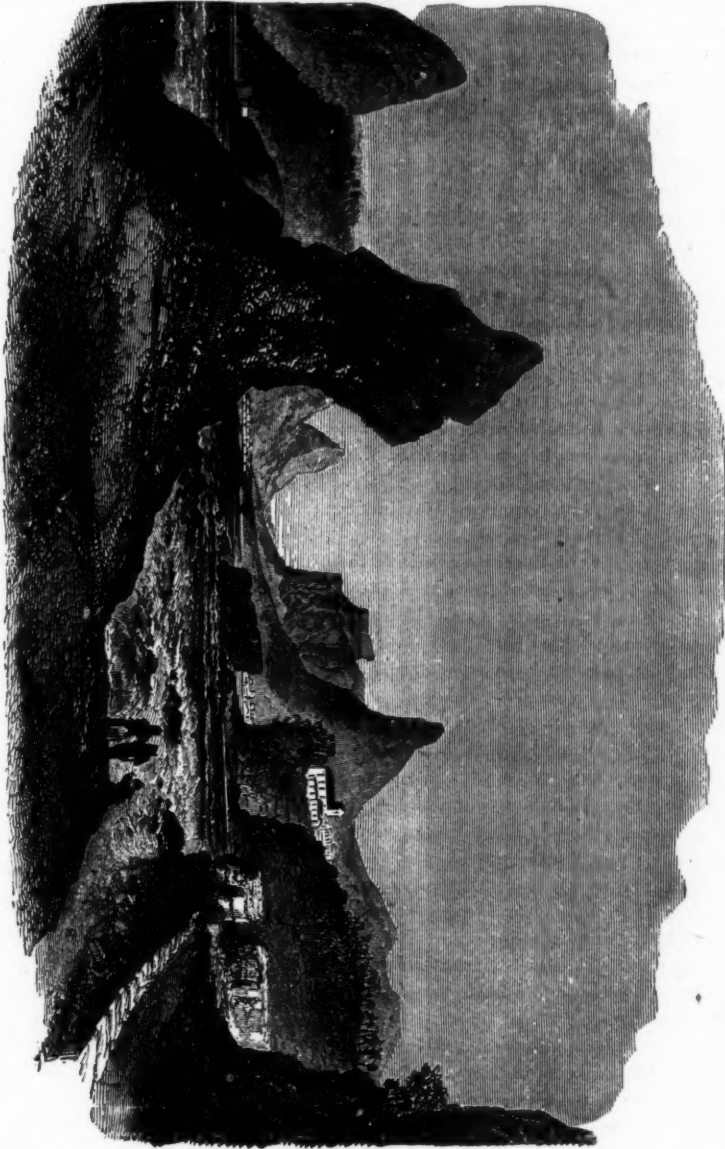
Rio de Janeiro. Ft. St. John.

VIEW FROM INGÁ, ST. DOMINGO, BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

Boatogo.

Garia.

Corcovado. N. S. de Boa Virgem.



but also the city built upon the inner shore of that bay, and which is the only great city of the world that is called a river.

The engravings herewith shown give a just

the impressiveness of that rare combination of the grand and the beautiful which a near approach reveals. Behind the foreground of the Gavin, the Corcovado, the Sugar Loaf,

and the Santa Cruz, the taller peaks of the Organ Mountains are seen in the distance. Nearer at hand are the fadeless green of the vegetation, the graceful crests of palms, the huge fronds and golden fruit of banana-trees, and the forms and flowers of many plants, only known in higher latitudes as dwindled exotics, adorning fertile spots down to the water's edge. These all combine under the blaze of tropical sunlight to form one of the most perfect groupings of natural scenery possible to human vision.

So deep is the channel and so plainly marked is the entrance to the bay of Rio de Janeiro that no pilot is necessary to either in-going or out-coming ships, and so secure is the harbor that it is a favorite resort for all naval and commercial vessels that navigate the Southern Atlantic Ocean. The relative importance of the port as a general rendezvous for vessels bound to either the Pacific or Indian Ocean has become less since the opening of the Panama Railroad and of the Suez Canal; but, as the commerce of Brazil has greatly increased during recent years, the various nations of the earth continue to be numerously represented, both at its discharging and receiving anchorages. The use of these terms indicates that the harbor of Rio is not furnished with docks for shipping. Hence vessels are required to anchor at sufficient distance apart to swing clear of each other in all the different positions in which the ebbing and flowing tides may place them. But for this there is ample room, and would be if it were possible to multiply the commerce of the port a hundredfold. At each anchorage guard-ships are stationed to prevent smuggling, and not far away are sundry hulks of Brazilian war ships doing duty as a floating naval academy. The first anchorage, near the celebrated island and fortress of Villegagnon, affords a most desirable view of the inner contour of the bay and its principal islands, as well as of the town of Nitheroy or Praya Grande on the northern shore of the bay, and also of the great city, which is the principal subject of the present article.

The aspect which Rio de Janeiro presents to the beholder bears no resemblance to the

compacted brick walls, the dingy roofs, the tall chimneys, and the generally even sites of our northern cities. The surface of the town is diversified by several ranges of hills which shoot off in irregular spurs from the neighboring mountains, leaving between them flat intervals of greater or less width. Along the bases of these hills and up their sides, stand rows of buildings whose whitened walls and red-tiled roofs are both in happy contrast with the deep green of the foliage that always surrounds and often embowers them.

Upon the most prominent height, the Morro do Castello, which directly overlooks the mouth of the harbor, stands the tall staff on which a telegraphic signal announces the nation, class, and position of every vessel that appears in the offing. Passing above this, the older and denser part of the town appears in sight.

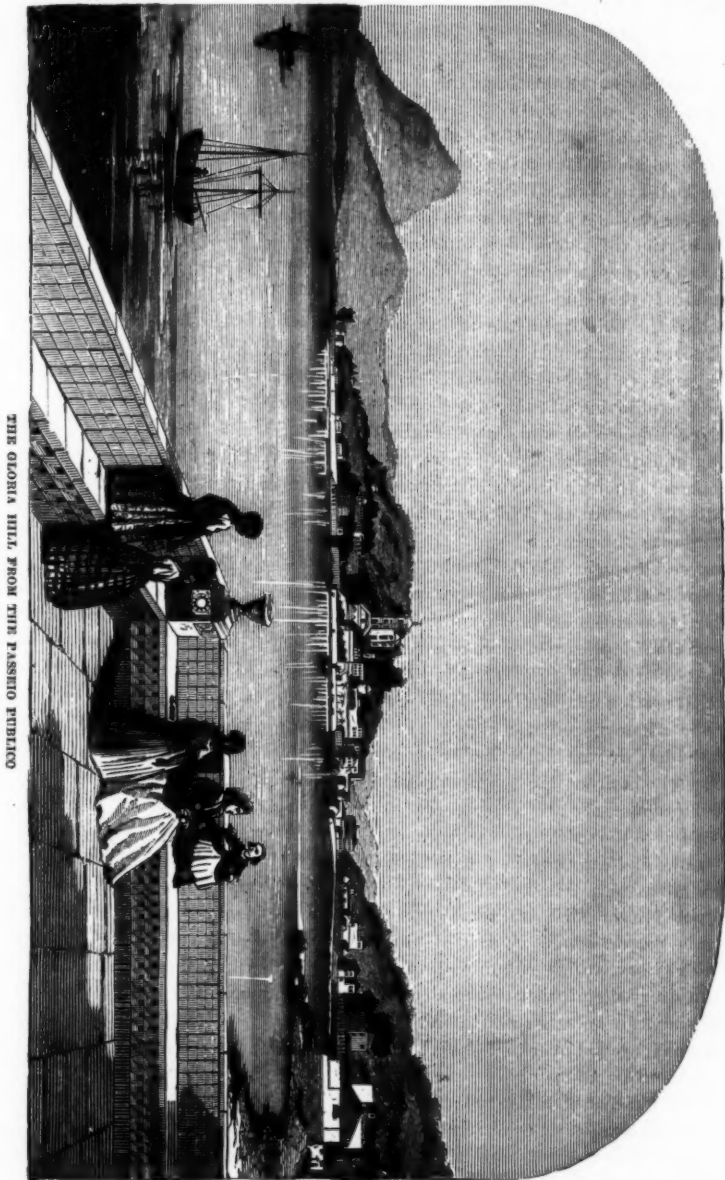
Adopting the phraseology of the country, Rio might be denominated the city of palaces. The emperor has two, the first immediately in front of the general landing-place, which was anciently occupied by the viceroys of Portugal, but is now only occasionally occupied by the emperor on gala or court days; the second and more splendid one is about five miles distant, in a suburb denominated St. Christopher's. In the latter the imperial family has its permanent city residence.

A bird's-eye view of the whole metropolis will bring to one's observation also the palace of the National Assembly, or House of Deputies, the palace of the Senate, the palace of the Municipality, and the palace of the Diocesan Bishop. Among other important edifices, the Naval and Military arsenals and Academies, quarters for troops, the Custom-house and Consulado, offices of the national government and of the police prisons, and halls of Justice, an ancient college of the Jesuits, now converted into an academy of Medicine, an academy of the Fine Arts, a national Library, and a national Museum. For religious purposes there are two monasteries and two nunneries, an imperial chapel, a cathedral, about fifty churches, and chapels of various names and magnitude, two

public and three private hospitals, and two cemeteries.

Where the surface admits of it, the city

of the hills, there is only room for a single winding street. In a very airy portion of the town, fully open to the regular sea-breezes,



THE GLÓRIA HILL, FROM THE PASSEIO PUBLICO

is regularly divided by streets intersecting each other at right angles; but in many places along the sea beach and the declivities

lies the Passeio Publico, or public promenade, a spot adorned and beautified according to its importance as a general resort for recrea-

tion. Several public squares of different dimensions also appear in other parts of the town. Fountains are met with in every direction, some of them beautifully constructed with façades of granite. These supply all the inhabitants with pure and running water, brought by aqueducts from the adjacent mountains.

From the central portion of the city the suburbs extend about four miles in each of three principal directions. Within this wide extent are the residences and business establishments of the different classes and individuals that compose a population of some three hundred thousand people. Here a large part of the nobility of the nation reside, and for a considerable portion of the year the representatives of the different provinces, the ministers of state, the foreign ambassadors and consuls, and a commingled population of Brazilians and foreigners, including, among other kindreds and tongues, those of the Chinaman, the African, and the aboriginal South American.

My first residence in Rio de Janeiro was at the Largo da Gloria. The house occupied stood directly upon the sea beach, and facing on the opposite side the open space or square at the foot of the hill. The landing for boats in that section of the city was directly beneath our window, and the view we enjoyed of the harbor was indescribably beautiful. Directly in front lay the island and fort of Villegagnon, the anchorage occupied by men-of-war; the picturesque shore of Praya Grande, and far away in the distance the Organ Mountains. Immediately at our left was the Gloria Hill, on whose steep brow stands the octagonal church of Our Lady of the Glory, which enters so prominently into every description of the city of Rio. Nothing can be more romantic than the walks which extend over the Gloria Hill. You first ascend by a steep pavement, with stone walls on either hand, penetrated by gates, which are numbered as the entrances to houses and gardens. The road is impassable to carriages, and in its winding course leads toward every point of compass. In front of the church is a broad, open platform commanding a splendid view, much of

which is portrayed in the engraving given on the previous page.

The church is neither large nor costly in its ornaments, yet it is much frequented. The first empress ~~was~~ especially fond of worshipping before its shrines. ~~After~~ her death Dom Pedro I was in the habit, from respect to her memory, of attending mass there every Saturday morning. The imperial family still continue to visit the Gloria church several times a year. I was present one morning rather early when the emperor and his sisters, then quite young, knelt at mass in the midst of a small company of the common people. As they rose to retire, persons crowded around them eager for the opportunity of lifting up and kissing the hands of the emperor. This ceremony was performed and submitted to with gracefulness free from ostentation. It seemed like an overflowing of the affections of the people towards their youthful sovereign. In the tower of this church, as in that of most others, is a chime of bells, upon which, on set occasions, a deafening and almost interminable ringing is perpetrated. It is singular enough to any one not accustomed to such sounds to listen to the din produced by the bells of all the churches and convents at once, pealing under rapid strokes for hours at a time, as is usual on the vespers of holidays.

One Sabbath evening, when the bells of the Gloria church were ringing in their loudest strain, I went up to see for what object they were summoning the people. The church was lighted up for mass, and a few persons were walking round in front, gazing upon the lovely scenery; but not an individual was within to be profited by the light of the blazing tapers. Preaching is not known among the weekly services of the Church; but I twice listened to sermons preached there on special occasions. A small elevated pulpit is seen on the eastern side of the edifice, and is entered from a hall between the outer and inner walls of the building. Here at one of the services which occurred during Lent the preacher made his appearance after mass was over. The people at once faced round to the left from the principal altar, where their attention had

been previously directed. The harangue was passionately fervid. In the midst of it the speaker paused, and, elevating in his hand a small wooden crucifix, fell on his knees and began praying to it as his Lord and Master. The people, most of whom sat in rows upon the floor, sprinkled with leaves, bowed down their heads and seemed to join him in his devotions. He then proceeded, and when the sermon was ended, all fell to beating their breasts as if in imitation of the publican of old.

In the second instance, the discourse was at the annual feast of our Lady of the Glory, and was entirely eulogistic of her character. One of the most popular preachers had been procured, and he seemed quite conscious of having a theme which gave him unlimited scope. He dealt in nothing less than superlatives. "The glories of the most Holy Virgin were not to be compared with those of creatures, but only with those of the Creator." "She did every thing which Christ did except to die with him." "Jesus Christ was independent of the Father, but not of his mother." Such sentences rhapsodically strung together throughout the whole sermon left no place for the mention of repentance towards God, or faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ.

Beyond the church, narrow paths wind around the hill at different altitudes, leading to the many beautiful residences and gardens, by which it is covered from the sea-shore to the summit. On either side of the paths will generally be seen dense hedges of flowering mimosas, and occasionally trees hung with splendid parasites, while throughout the scene there prevails a quiet and a coolness which could scarcely be anticipated within the precincts of a city situated beneath a tropical sun. Here, too, may be realized the enchantment of an evening scene so enthusiastically described by the German naturalist Von Martins:

"A delicate transparent mist hangs over the country—the moon shines brightly amidst heavy and singularly grouped clouds. The outlines of the objects illuminated by it are clear and well defined, while a magic twilight seems to remove from the eye those



FRUIT AND NUT OF THE CASHEW-TREE.

which are in the shade. Scarce a breath of air is stirring and the neighboring mimosas, that have folded up their leaves to sleep, stand motionless beside the dark crowns of the mangueiras, the jaca tree and ethereal jambos. Sometimes a sudden wind arises, and the juiceless leaves of the acaju rustle; the richly flowered grumijama and pitanga let drop a fragrant shower of snow-white blossoms; the crowns of the majestic palms wave slowly over the silent roof which they overshadow like a symbol of peace and tranquillity. Shrill cries of the cicada, the grasshopper, and tree-frog, make an incessant hum, and produce by their monotony a pleasing melancholy. At intervals, different balsamic odors fill the air, and flowers, alternately unfolding their leaves to the night, delight the senses with their perfumes, now the bowers of paullinias, or the neighboring orange grove; then the thick tufts of the eupatoria, or the bunches of the flowering palms, suddenly bursting, disclose their blossoms, and thus maintain a constant succession of fragrance; while the silent vegetable

world, illuminated by swarms of fire-flies, as by a thousand moving stars, charms the night by its delicious odors. Brilliant lightnings play incessantly in the horizon, and elevate the mind in joyful admiration to the stars, which, glowing in solemn silence in the firmament fill the soul with a presentiment of still sublimer wonders."

Descending on the opposite side of the Gloria Hill, you come to the Praya do Flamingo, a sandy beach deriving its name from the scarlet flamingos by which it was formerly frequented. A splendid line of residences extends along this shore. Their occupants are daily refreshed with strong sea-breezes, and entertained by night and by day with the heavy and measured music of the ocean's roar. Parallel with this Praya or beach runs the Catête, a wide and important street, leading from the city to Botafogo. About half-way between the town and the last mentioned suburb is the Larangeiras, or valley of orange groves.

A shallow but limpid stream gurgles along a wide and deep ravine, lying between two precipitous spurs of the Corcovado Mountain. Passing up its banks you see scores of washer-women standing in the stream and beating their clothes upon the boulders of rock which lie scattered along the bottom.

Up the valley of the Larangeiras is a mineral spring, which at certain seasons of the year is much frequented. It is denominated Agua Ferrea, a name indicating the chalybeate properties of the water. Near this locality you may enter the road which leads up the Corcovado. An excursion to the summit of that mountain is one of the first that should be made by every visitor to Rio. You may ascend on horseback within a short distance of the summit. The ascent should be commenced early in the morning, while the air is cool and balmy, and while the dew yet sparkles on the foliage. The ascent is not very steep, although the path is narrow and uneven, having been worn by descending rains. The greater part of the mountain is covered with a dense forest, which varies in character with the altitude, but everywhere abounds in the most rare and luxuriant

plants. Towards the summit, large trees become rare, while bamboos and ferns are more numerous. Flowering shrubs and parasites extend the whole way. At no great distance from the top is a rancho, where, on one occasion I stopped to breakfast, in company with a few friends with whom I made the ascent.

Our horses were now left behind, and a few minutes' walk brought us through the thicket. Above this, the rocks were covered with only a thin soil, and but here and there a shrub nestling in the crevices. What appears like a point when seen from below is, in reality, a bare rock of sufficient dimensions to admit of fifty persons standing on it to enjoy the view at once. On every side, save that from which it is reached, its edges are extremely precipitous. In order to protect persons against accidents, iron posts have been inserted and railings of the same material around the outer rim of the rock. Save this slight indication of art, every thing visible exhibited the wildness and sublimity of nature.

The elevation of the mountain, two thousand feet, is just sufficient to give a clear bird's-eye view of one of the richest and most extensive prospects the human eye ever beheld. The harbor and its islands; the forts, and the shipping of the bay, the whole city, from St. Christopher's to Botafogo; the botanical garden, the Lagoon das Freitas, the Tijuca, the Gavia and the Sugar Loaf Mountains, the islands outside the harbor, the wide rolling ocean on the one hand, and the measureless circle of mountains and shores on the other, all lay expanded around and beneath us. The atmosphere was beautifully transparent, and I gazed and gazed with increasing interest upon the lovely, the magnificent panorama.

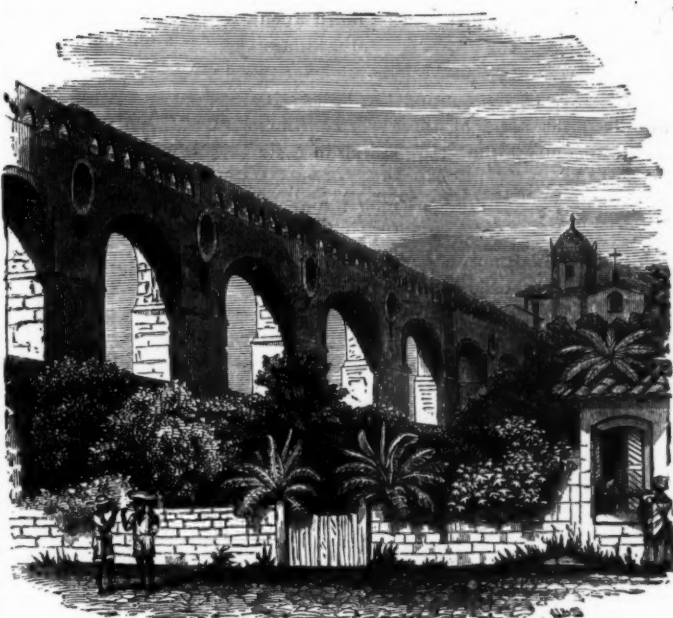
From the sides of the mountain various small streamlets flow downward. By means of artificial channels these are thrown together to supply water for the city. The aqueduct, a vaulted channel of mason work, starting down and along the mountain side descends with a moderate and uniform declivity, sometimes under and sometimes above the surface of the ground, until at the

western slope of the hill of Santa Thereza it takes the support of majestic Roman arches over a wide valley, to the hill of San Antonio, whence its waters are distributed to the public fountains of the city.

At the base of the Corcovado, on the eastern side, is that most interesting resort, the Botanical Garden. It is approached by a winding road along the shore of the bay, and well repays visitors for all the time they can allot to the ex-

amination. This garden is the property of the general government, and having been maintained at public cost for half a century has become what no extropical country can exhibit. Not only does it contain the choice vegetable productions of Brazil, but those of India and China, such as cloves, cinnamon, bread-fruit, camphor, and tea, besides numberless plants of great scientific interest, from the tiniest parasite to the most majestic palm trees, and the gigantic Nogueiras of India. Most impressive of all sights to northern eyes is the grand avenue of palms opening at the entrance and stretching with architectural regularity to the central fountain of the garden.

"It is," as Mr. Fletcher has well said, "a colonnade of natural Corinthian columns whose graceful, bright-green capitals seem to support a portion of the blue dome that arches above." The royal palms alluded to are more than eighty feet in height, straight as arrows, and polished like gigantic shafts of granite. Mrs. Agassiz, in writing of them, confesses her inability to convey in words even a faint idea of their beauty. She



GREAT AQUEDUCT—RUA DOS ARCOS.

could only liken the dazzling view she had of them to an imagination of the endless colonnade of an ancient Egyptian temple.

As in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe, so, especially in and near the cities of Brazil, the most picturesque and commanding sites have been occupied for monasteries and nunneries. Most of the convents and large churches were built during the Portuguese colonial period. For the greater part they are thoroughly substantial erections of stone of a heavy ungraceful style of architecture with long stretches of whitened blank walls only penetrated by a disproportionate number of small square windows. In the case of the convents for nuns, the windows are heavily barred with iron gratings to render egress impossible, and as if to guard against the possibility of entrance from without, the fronts of the gratings are set with bristling spikes.

No style of architecture could be more in contrast with the beauties of nature in the midst of which these buildings are placed, and yet, when seen from long distances they heighten the impressiveness of the landscape.

As localities from which to look down upon large portions of the city and bay, the hills of Santa Thereza and San Antonio are favorite walks. Persons frequenting the latter will usually meet some of those portly friars sauntering about the grounds who in their uncouth but womanly costumes represent the palpable contradiction which the world recognizes between vows of poverty and habits of mendicancy on the one hand, and the life-long possession and use of accumulated wealth on the other. During the settlement and early history of Brazil great numbers of monks came out from Portugal!



FRANCS OF ST. ANTHONY.

to establish their orders, and built with imported funds many monasteries and costly chapels.

Several of these orders acquired large landed estates, and stocked them both with cattle and slaves. But with the changes of modern times the monastic spirit has dwindled to such a minimum that an extinction of several of the orders and a confiscation of their estates is a probability of the not distant future. The parish priests and secular clergy, however, are very numerous, and are required by law to wear a clerical

garb when in public, and also to have a spot shaven on the top of their heads called a crown.

Of this class of ecclesiastics, Mr. Fletcher says: "You can not be an hour in the streets of Rio de Janeiro without beholding the *padre*, with his large hat and his closely buttoned and long gown, moving along with perfect composure under a hot sun that makes every one else swelter. In the churches where there is generally a cool atmosphere, the *padre*, with uncovered, tonsured head, with his thin gown and airy laces, seems prepared for a tropic clime; but when the mass is said and his duties are finished, he doffs his garment of common-sense thickness and dons that which would be comfortable in a northern Winter. The *padre*'s office is not onerous in Brazil, unless he chooses to make it such; and very few are thus inclined. There are no poor families to visit through rude snow-storms; there is no particular cure of souls, beyond repeating masses in the cool of the morning, the carrying of the Host to the hopeless sick, an attendance at a funeral, for which the carriage and fee are always provided. The confessional does not trouble him greatly, for the people are not much given to confession, knowing too well the character of the confessor. If he is of an ambitious turn of mind, he becomes a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies; perchance he succeeds in securing a seat in the Senate, and there he will pour out more eloquence, in *ore rotundo* Lusitanian, than he has ever delivered from the pulpit. Perhaps, formerly his heaviest duties were in getting up festivals. They have been wonderfully abridged as to number, but still there is a very respectable share of them, which gives work to the *padres* and the alms-collectors, and holidays to clerks, school-children, and slaves."*

These holidays are divided into two general classes,—whole holidays, in which it is not lawful to work, and half-holidays in

*The quotations in this article, credited to the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, are copied from the ninth edition of "Brazil and the Brazilians," published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1879. We are indebted to the same work for the illustrations herewith given.

which the ecclesiastical laws require attendance upon mass, but allow the people to labor. The celebration of these holidays by festivals and processions engages universal attention throughout the country. All the religious celebrations are deemed interesting and important in proportion to the pomp and splendor which they display. In some particulars the festivals of all the saints are alike. They are universally announced on the day previous, by a discharge of sky-rockets at noon and by the ringing of the bells at evening. During the *festa*, also, whether it continue one day or nine, the frequent discharge of rockets is kept up. Sometimes on the occasion of these festivals, a stage is erected in the church or in the open air close by, and a species of dramatic representation is enacted for the amusement of the spectators.

The procession on Ash Wednesday is conducted by the third order of Franciscans from the Chapel of the Misericordia, through the principal streets of the city, to the convent of St. Antonio. Not less than from twenty to thirty stands of images are borne along on the shoulders of men. Some of these images are single, others are in groups, intended to illustrate various events of Scriptural history or Roman Catholic mythology. The dress and ornaments of these effigies are of the most gaudy kind. The platforms upon which they are placed are quite heavy, requiring four, six, and eight men to carry them, nor can all these endure the burden for a long time. They require to be alternated by as many others, who walk by their side like extra pall-bearers at a funeral. The streets are thronged with thousands of people, among whom are numbers of slaves, who seem highly amused to see their masters for once engaged in hard labor. The *senhors*, indeed, toil under their loads. The images pass into the middle of the street with single files of men on either side, each one bearing a lighted torch or wax candle several feet in length. Before each group of images marches an angel, led by a priest, scattering rose-leaves upon the path.

As the reader may be anxious to know what kind of angels take part in these spec-



THE ANJINHO.

tacles, I must explain that they are a class created for the occasion to act as tutelary to the saints exhibited. Little girls from eight to ten years old are generally chosen to serve in this capacity, for which they are fitted out by a most fantastic dress. Its leading design seems to be to exhibit a body and wings; wherefore the skirt and sleeves are expanded to enormous dimensions by means of hoops and cane frame-work, over which flaunt silks, gauzes, ribbons, laces, tinsels, and plumes of various colors. On their head is placed a specie of tiara. Their hair hangs in ringlets down their faces and necks, and the triumphal air with which they march along shows that they fully comprehend the honor they enjoy of being the principal objects of admiration.

Military companies and bands of martial music lead and close up the procession. Its march is measured and slow, with frequent pauses, as well to give the burdened brethren time to breathe as to give the people in the streets and windows opportunity to gaze and wonder. Few seem to look on with any very elevated emotions. All could see the



AQUEDUCT, LARGO DA LAPA, AND PASSEIO PUBLICO, FROM THE SANTA THERESA.

same or kindred images in the churches when they please; and, if the design were to edify the people, a less troublesome, and, at the same time, more effectual, mode might easily be adopted. There appears but little solemnity connected with the scene, and most of that is shared by the poor brethren who tug and sweat under the platforms. But even they occasionally endeavor to enliven each other's spirits by entering into conversation and pleasantries when relieved by their alternates.

On the immediate shore of the bay, between the Thereza and Antonio hills is the Passeio Publico—public promenade of the city, a small but highly ornamented park. Whether by day or by night this is an exceedingly attractive spot, where persons can breathe the ocean air beneath overhanging shade trees laden with blooming parasites, and take exercise on the rocky parapet or in tortuous walks amid rare plants and cooling fountains.

The central portion of Rio de Janeiro, commonly called the old city, is closely built up with narrow streets and proportionally narrower sidewalks. All persons arriving from

the ocean land at or near the Palace Square, a small open space, where they find themselves surrounded by a throng as diverse in habits and appearance, and as variegated in complexion and costume as their fancy ever pictured. The majority of the crowd are Africans, who collect around a public fountain to obtain water, which flows perpetually from a score of pipes, and when caught in tubs or barrels is borne off upon the heads of both males and females.

The slaves are barefooted, but some of them are gayly dressed. Their sociability when congregated at these resorts is usually extreme, but sometimes it ends in differences and blows. To prevent disorders of this kind, soldiers are generally stationed near the fountains, who are pretty sure to maintain their authority over the unresisting blacks.

The palace is a large stone building, exhibiting the old Portuguese style of architecture. It was long used as a residence by the viceroys of Portugal, and for a time by Dom John VI, but it is now appropriated to various public offices, and contains a suite of rooms in which court is held on gala-days.

The buildings at the rear of the Palace Square were all erected for ecclesiastical purposes. The oldest was a Franciscan convent, but has long since been connected with the palace and used for secular purposes. The old chapel remains, but has been superseded in popularity as well as splendor by the more recently erected imperial chapel which stands at its right. Adjoining the imperial chapel is another, built by Carmelite monks, which stands open daily, and is used as a cathedral.

Granite is the material of which nearly all the edifices of the city are constructed. The outside walls, however, are not laid up with hewn blocks but with irregular fragments cemented together and coated without by plastering. The color is, therefore, almost invariably a clear white, which, glistening in the sun, often reflects a brilliancy that is painful to the eyes.

Passing out of the Palace Square to the right we enter the Rua Direita. This is the widest and most important street of the city, running nearly parallel to the shore of the bay on which the city fronts. In this immediate vicinity are concentrated the buildings and the business of the custom-house, the general post-office, the national bank and the imperial treasury.

Around these buildings the hours of daylight witness a great rush of business from which lookers on find it convenient to retreat to more quiet parts of the city. Not far away is the National Public Library, which is open daily and free to all readers. Many of the books originally belonged to the Royal Library of Portugal, having been brought to Brazil by Dom John VI, the grandfather of the present emperor.

The collection of books has been gradually increased by appropriations from the government until it has reached the number of one hundred thousand volumes, and has become valuable in many lines of modern as well as ancient literature. Its freedom to public use is a great boon to Brazilian scholars, and a source of pleasure to literary visitors from abroad.

The National Museum, located near the palace of the senate at the Campo da Honra, is

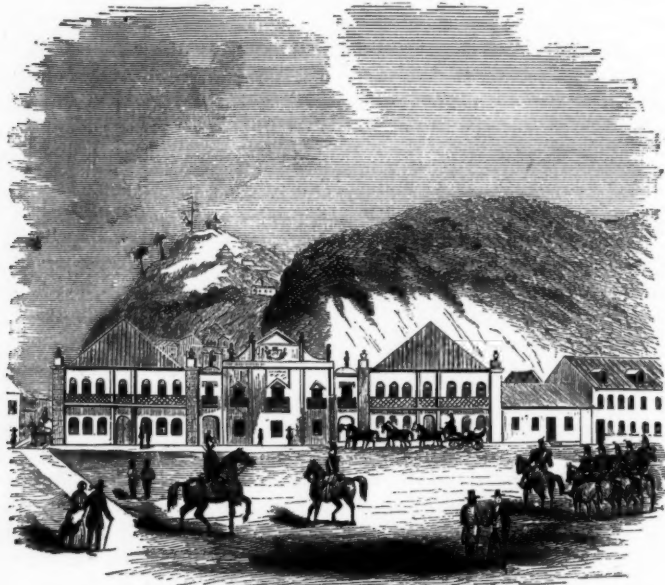
another institution designed to promote public instruction and entertainment by the free exhibition of many objects of scientific interest. The limits of this article make it impossible even to enumerate the public buildings and institutions of Rio. It is barely possible, within the allotted space, to sketch briefly the more salient features of the city and its principal suburbs.

It must, therefore, be said in general terms that the old or Portuguese city is so closely and uniformly built as to be very unattractive to persons of modern ideas. Hence foreigners chiefly frequent it for business purposes. Not only foreign residents, but large numbers of the more wealthy Brazilians, during recent years have located their homes in some of the more attractive suburbs. To accommodate the daily transit of people between the commercial sections of the city and the suburbs, street railways have been built in different directions, and as the population has extended outward, beautiful dwellings have been multiplied, in which families can not only enjoy pure air, but refreshing shade amid the embowering foliage, flowers, and fruits of a tropical region. The more important localities not already noticed are Engenho Velho, Tijuca, and St. Christopher's. That first named occupies an extensive and fertile plain extending from the city proper to the foot of the Tijuca Mountains. It was originally occupied by the Jesuits as a sugar plantation, on which they built a mill, that in the course of time became old, and gave its name to the locality. The streets throughout this quarter are wide and generally bordered by flowering mimosas. The houses are at convenient distances apart, and nearly every one is surrounded by a garden, and the rich foliage of shade and fruit trees. For the very perfection of rural beauty few spots on earth can equal Engenho Velho. Mr. Fletcher confirms this opinion in the following description:

"The long street of Engenho Velho is lined with the residences of wealthy families, each surrounded with its chacara or grounds, that glow with the fadeless verdure of mangueiras, orange-groves, and palms, interspersed with flowers of the brightest

hues. Here are many picturesque villas, each having piazzas in front, and often approached by large stone gateways, where, in the evening, the family sit to amuse their listless hours by watching the passers-by.

"It is difficult to speak calmly of the scenery about Rio. No pen can do justice to the view that meets the eye half-way up the mountain. A good cicerone will keep your attention fixed on the flowers that



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

These residences are built in a style that accords well with the glowing climate. The pediments and cornices of the houses are ornamented with arabesques on a ground of vivid blue. No ugly clusters of smoking chimneys deform the roofs. The white walls glitter amid the dark foliage, or stand in strong relief against the steep mountain-sides.

"Through this district lies the road to the Tijuca Mountains, some eight miles distant from the business focus of the city. Beyond the plain the elevation is gradual, leading through a fertile valley. About half-way up the ascent is a mineral spring, christened by the first emperor in 1823 Agua Ferrea. To that locality a street railway now extends. From its terminus the best mode of continuing the ascent is on horseback, both with reference to the difficulties of the carriage-road and the interest of the views continually challenging attention.

adorn the left bank of the road, until he reaches a low part of the brush-wood, and pulls in his horse exclaiming 'look!'

"A wondrous view it is that bursts upon the sight. There, unfurled before you, like a fairy panorama, are the bay with its islands, the distant mountains, blending with the clear, blue sky, a dark, precipitous cliff on the right, pouring down its tiny cascades in silvery lines that relieve its barren sternness, and on the left a high hill, covered with glossy-leaved coffee-plants. On the plain below rises a single mound, and beyond is the gleaming city—its white edifices peacefully encircling the green hills of Concepcion, San Bento, and Antonio. After a long gaze you turn away only half satisfied, and immediately lose sight of all on that side of the mountain, but soon discover the open sea beyond the opposite descent."

This view of the city is presented in the opening illustration of the article on Brazil

in the last number of the *REPOSITORY*, to which the reader is referred.

Scattered through the valleys of this suburban mountain and along its more fertile slopes are several coffee plantations, boarding-houses, and cottages much frequented by the English and Americans both as a health and pleasure seeking resort. Mr. Fletcher having, like the writer, enjoyed a sojourn at this fascinating spot says: "The charm of Tijuca is, that while its climate is unchanging June, and in its verdure tropical, it possesses the sparkling cascades and thundering waterfalls of Switzerland. The wandering of a few moments will bring us to a limpid stream which hangs like a ribbon down the mountain-side, and sends up

'Brave notes to all the woods around,
When morning beams are gathering fast,
And hushed is every human sound.'

This beautiful fall is said to come from a height of three hundred feet, and reminded me of the leaping brooks of the valley of the Rhone, or the graceful cascade of Arpenaz, that swings from an Alpine cliff into the sweet vale of Maglan. Or, again, if we ride for a half-hour in the opposite direction, we reach a wild and verdant spot, where, dismissing our horses, we climb up through banana-fields and forests, and reach the foaming waters of the *Cascata Grande*. Here the Tijuca River leaps for sixty feet or more over a rocky inclined plain, presenting when the volume is increased by rains an imposing appearance; but when the stream is only supplied by the clear springs of the Sierra, it glides down in a transparent sheet, revealing the shining rock beneath. The river pursues its way over a rock-bed down the mountain, and loses itself in the lake which mirrors the giant Gavia, or the Top-sail Mountain.

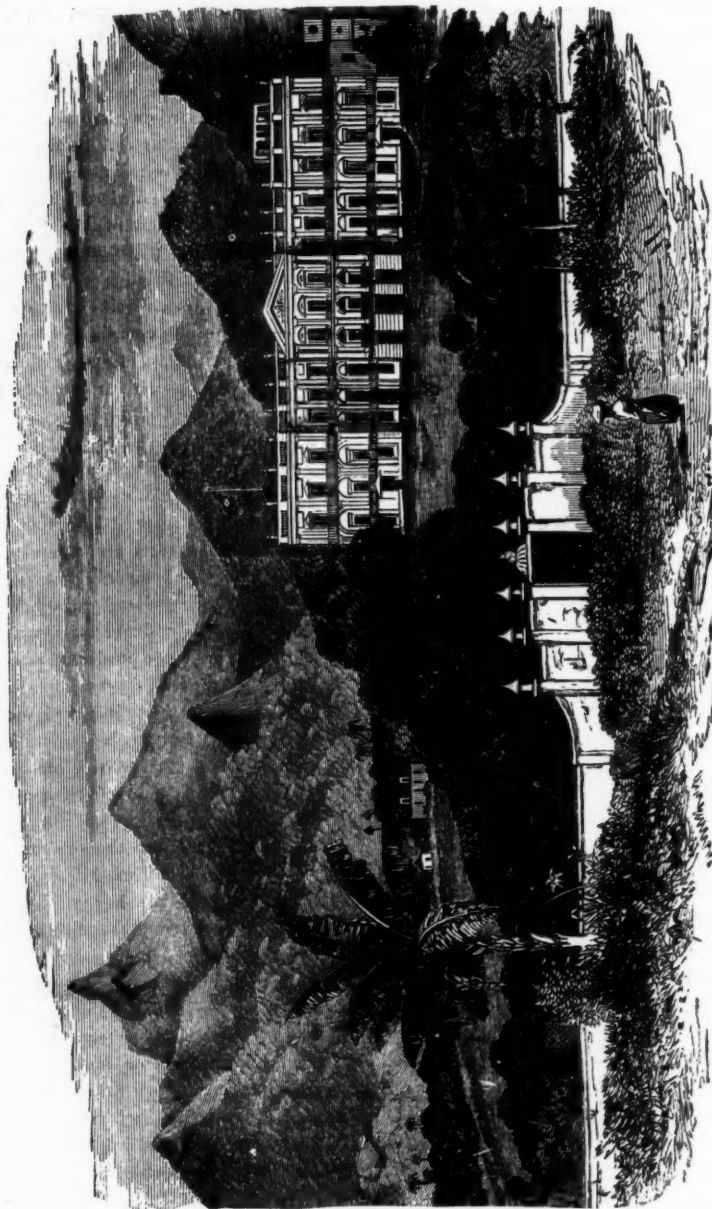
Beyond Engenho Velho, at the right, is another district, known as St. Christopher's, in which the imperial palace of Boa Vista is located. The nucleus of the palace was originally a private residence presented to the present emperor's grandfather, King John VI. By successive enlargements it has been made worthy in every respect of its present imperial occupant, to whom, in fact, it has

been a home from his infancy. It stands out in fine proportions in front of the Tijuca mountain range, and is surrounded by extensive and well-kept grounds. Long walks, shaded by majestic mango trees and bordered by the choicest shrubs and flowers of the tropics, sweep through the imperial park, and wind along the borders of natural and artificial streams of water. A boiling fountain marks the center of a miniature lake of sufficient dimensions to admit of boating on a small scale. The front of the palace commands magnificent views looking toward the city and bay. At this locality the emperor spends most of his time in great quietness. But on some public occasions, like that of the annual opening of the Legislative Assembly, he is conducted to the city in the greatest pomp.

Mr. Fletcher says: "The procession from St. Christopher's to the Palace of the Senate is not surpassed in scenic effect by any similar pageant in Europe. The foot-guards, with their battle-axes; the dragons and the hussars in picturesque and bright uniforms; the mounted military bands; the large state carriages, with their six caparisoned horses and liveried coachmen and postilions; the chariot of the empress, drawn by eight iron-grays; the magnificent imperial carriage, drawn by the same number of milk-white horses decked with Prince of Wales plumes, and the long cavalcade of troops, form a pageant worthy of the empire. The six coaches and six are for the officers of the imperial household. Her Majesty Donna Theresa is surrounded by her maids of honor in their robes and trains of green and gold. The emperor is head and shoulders above his people; and in his court-dress, with his crown upon his fine, fair brow, and his scepter in his hand, whether receiving the salutes of his subjects or opening the Imperial Chambers, is a splendid specimen of manhood. His height, when uncovered, is six feet four inches, and his head and body are beautifully proportioned. At a glance one can see, in that full brain and in that fine blue eye, that he is not a mere puppet upon the throne, but a man who *thinks*. The opening of the Chambers is always by

His Majesty in person. He reads a brief address from the throne, setting forth the condition and necessities of the empire, and

court and members of the Assembly. The cortege returns through streets decorated with hangings of crimson silk and satin brocade."



IMPERIAL PALACE OF BOA VISTA, AT ST. CHRISTOPHER'S.

then, pronouncing the session open, descends from the dais, followed in procession to his imperial carriage by all the dignitaries of

In addition to the carriage drives leading from Engenho Velho and St. Christopher's to the city, a pleasant passage may be had by

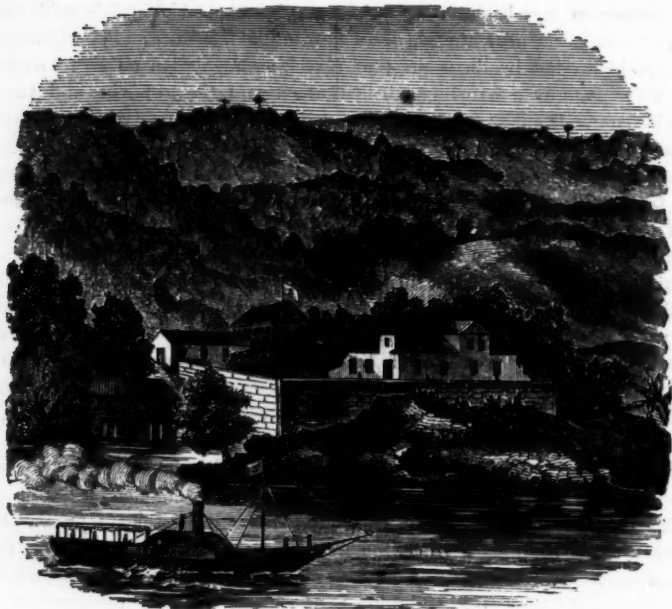
means of numerous row-boats, constantly plying on the bay. Under the shade of an awning and refreshed by the coolness of the water, this was to me a favorite mode of transit. The course is sufficiently near the shore to command advantageous views of the land scenery fringing the calm waters of the inner bay. This route passes directly in front of the celebrated English cemetery called Gamboa, where sleep the remains not only of British subjects who have died at Rio, but also of many Americans and Protestants of various nations. But for its melancholy associations, this spot would be regarded as one of the loveliest on earth. At its rocky base the tides of the ocean cease not to ebb and flow. A shaded avenue leads upward from the sea-beach to the center of the inclosure, where memorials of the dead stand thick on every side. As the stranger lifts his eye towards the northern horizon, he beholds a magnificent bay, spotted with islands and hemmed in by lofty mountain peaks, while all around him vegetation is smiling in fadeless verdure and fanned by the daily breezes of the tropics.

A little farther along, our boat passes through the receiving anchorage of the harbor amid vessels of every class and from every nation. It was at this locality that the writer, during the period of his mission life in Brazil, spent many Sabbaths in evangelical labors among the English speaking seamen. By previous arrangements, it was usually determined in advance what vessel would float the Bethel flag on any given Sabbath, and to that vessel the officers and crews of surrounding ships were invited to come at an appointed hour. Nothing could exceed the order and solemnity of the assemblies which gathered together each Sabbath morning on the deck of some noble vessel, at whose mainmast the emblem of peace and mercy was floating in the breeze. We generally found the vessel, designated for the time being as the Bethel ship, arranged and decorated in the most tasteful manner, and with seats to accommodate all who might choose to come to worship God and listen to his Word. How delightful was it to see boat-load after boat-load of seamen

coming alongside for this noble object; men who, but for such an opportunity, would be seeking recreation on shore, exposed to all the temptations of vice and the snares of sin! How sublime were the sentiments inspired by such a scene, in such a place!

From very early times, extensive hospitals have existed at Rio for the treatment of the sick. The largest and most celebrated of all the institutions of that class is the Misericordia or Holy House of Mercy, which, for generations past, has been open night and day for the reception of the sick and distressed. The best assistance in the power of the administrators to give is there rendered to all, male and female, black or white, Moor or Christian, none of whom, even the most wretched, are under the necessity of seeking influence or recommendations in order to be received. From the statistics of this establishment, it appears that more than seven thousand patients are annually received, of whom more than one thousand die. In that hospital are treated vast numbers of English and American seamen, the subjects of sickness or accident on their arrival or during their stay in port. In fact, there are few nations of the world which are not represented among the inmates of the Misericordia of Rio de Janeiro. Free access being always granted to its halls, they furnish an ample and interesting field of labor for benevolent exertions in behalf of the suffering and the dying.

For a city situated within the tropics the health record of Rio de Janeiro has during the greater part of its history been excellent. Prior to 1850 the city had never known a visitation of yellow fever or cholera. But during the year named, and for three successive years following, the yellow fever prevailed and caused great mortality both among Brazilians and foreigners. "New hospitals were arranged for the reception of foreign marines stricken down with this malady; but none were so well appointed, so well regulated, and so eminently successful as the hospital at Jurujuba. Every day during the year the little steamer *Constancia*, bearing the physician and his assistants, passes through the entire shipping, receiving the sick, and then transports them



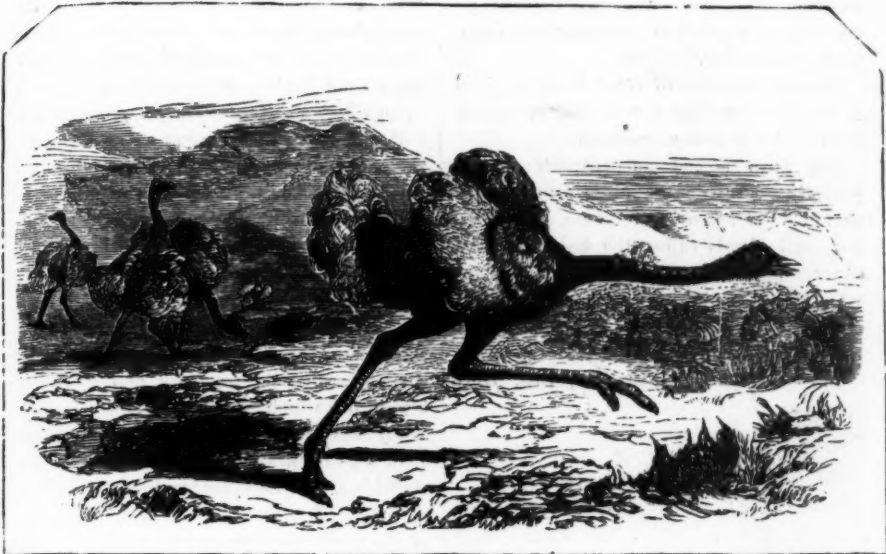
THE JURUJUBA HOSPITAL.

to the southern shores of the St. Xavier's or Jurnjuba Bay. The hospital is situated in the midst of perpetual verdure, and where the ocean and land breezes are uncontaminated by the many impurities of a vast city. Here are excellent and kind nurses, who co-operate with the physicians in promoting the recovery of the invalids." Mr. Fletcher, from whom the above statement is quoted, also says, "Jurnjuba Hospital was for me a place of frequent visitation during the prevalence of the dreaded yellow fever. How many a poor wayfarer of the deep have I seen here and on shipboard, far away from country, home, and relatives, go down to the grave! How often too, have I witnessed the power of that 'hope which maketh not ashamed,' as I have caught from dying lips the last loving messages sent to a distant father, mother, or sister, or as I have listened to the triumphant hymn which proclaimed

the victory over the last foe to man!" During the years 1854-6, no cases of yellow fever occurred in the city or harbor of Rio, but from the year 1857 onward there have been occasional and sometimes very fatal visits of the disease.

It is proper in this connection to say that whereas the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church to Brazil was withdrawn in 1841 on account of the moneyed stringency then prevailing, the field was subsequently and successfully occupied by missionaries of the Presbyterian Board, who have met with encouraging success and are still prosecuting the work of evangelization with zeal and discretion. Besides several stations in other parts of the empire, they have a substantial church and a fortnightly periodical in the city of Rio de Janeiro, from which the best of influences are radiating in all directions.

OSTRICH FARMING.



THE OSTRICH AT HOME.

THE popular and traditional notions respecting the ostrich in his native habitat are scarcely sustained by the observation of those who have, in modern times, made his acquaintance. This is especially true in respect to two of the supposed habits of these birds, both of which have become proverbial, to their discredit. It has been said of them, and the saying is generally accepted as true, that when pursued or in danger they hide their heads in the sand, and seem to think themselves safe; but the only semblance of truth of all this is that sometimes, when fairly run down by their pursuers, they will fall down and stretch their long necks upon the ground, simply from exhaustion. Their running power, as intimated in the Book of Job, enabling them to "scorn the horse and his rider," is abundantly sustained by trial, it being often impossible for a single horse to run one down.

Both in the Book of Job and in the Lamentations of Jeremiah, there is a clear intimation that the ostrich is wholly careless of its young, leaving its eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun, and its

young to care for themselves. And yet it will be seen in the account about to be given, that, at least in South Africa, quite the opposite of this is true. Until comparatively lately the ostrich was known only as a wild bird, inhabiting the same regions with the lion and elephant. But the demand of modern civilization and its luxury is rapidly bringing this giant of the desert within its power, and subjecting him to its industries. Africa is especially the land of the ostrich, and both along the Mediterranean and the regions about the Cape of Good Hope, a lively trade in the feathers of the wild bird has been for some time carried on. But of late, especially in the latter region, the breeding and feeding of tame ostriches, for their feathers, has become a regular and well-established industry. Some ten or twelve years ago, not far from Grahamtown, a Mr. Douglas began experimenting with wild ostriches, trying to domesticate them, in which he seems to have been entirely successful. He now has a farm of twelve hundred acres devoted to the purpose, and stocked with three hundred birds. They are found to be

quite docile, even becoming attached to their keepers, are hardy, and not much inclined to become diseased, can endure both heat and cold, are coarse feeders and large drinkers, and yet capable of enduring long abstinence from water.

In a late number of *Good Words* is given a sketch of another South African ostrich farm, which is here reproduced.

The farm is not an "ostrich camp," properly so-called; the birds form simply part of a heterogeneous mixture of quadrupeds and bipeds (after the fashion of the country), where horses, mules, oxen, Hottentots, Caffres, Arabs, negroes, mulattoes, men of every shade of black and brown, and with every variety of wool and hair on their heads—pigs, poultry, ostriches, cats, Hot-



AFRICAN OSTRICH.

tentot curs, geese, and turkeys, all run about pell-mell together in disorderly comfort.

The whole estate is uninclosed, like the rest of the country round, excepting the vineyard, where a sort of poor Constantia is

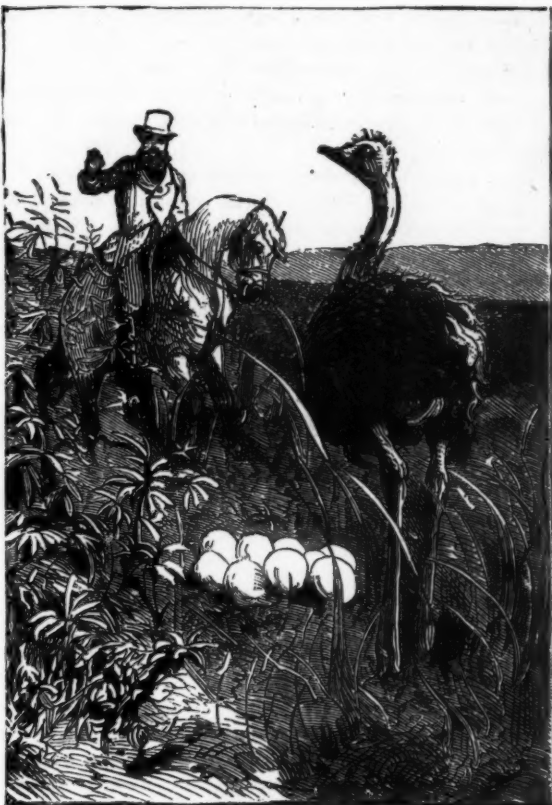
made, as well as *vin ordinaire*; this is too precious to be left to the tender mercies of chance, and is surrounded by a trench and bank, surmounted by a strong paling made with plaited bamboos. There is also a little fencing put up occasionally along side a growing crop of lucern, etc., near the great pool, upon which a rush of thirsty oxen and cows will come down, trampling every thing in their way, during the hot weather.

On one side of the farm lay the crops, the wheat and lucern, the tobacco, barley, and oats (maize is grown only in small patches in the gardens). These all have no protection from the flocks of sheep and cattle—except by the Hottentot herds. On the other side lie low, bare mountains, or rather downs, covered with wild rosemary and aromatic herbs, on which the sheep flourish, and sandy slopes stretching to the Atlantic, where grow six varieties of flowering reeds used for thatching, of a rich, golden bronze color in Summer. Patches of *mesembryanthemums* of the most brilliant scarlets, crimsons, and yellow, form luxuriant tufts in the white sand.

This is where the wild ostrich delights to dwell. The hard, rocky ground of the hills hurts their breast when they lie down, and their feet when they run, and they love the soft sandy flats, in the upper part of which the gorgeously colored Cape heaths are found, waxen bells of every hue and form, one scarlet with brown stamens, another white with a red fringe, lilac, yellow, pale-green, every shade but blue; long bells, short bells, great bells, little bells, single bells, bunches of bells. Here, not long ago, one of the most trustworthy of the herds, an old bushman named Moos, was wandering one day after some of his charges,—a spare man, his head almost bald, with little twists of wiry wool growing on it at great intervals, not resembling hair in any sense, and his brown skin drawn tightly over his wizened face, and thin, bony body. The Hottentot's hands and feet are very small, and he wears long gaiters made by himself out of sheepskins, with the wool turned inwards. His talents are in general limited—to track the spoor of a creature over the hardest soil,

where no apparent mark has been left, and to run unweariedly so as even to tire out a horse, pretty nearly exhausts the sum of them. But Moos Julius was more intelligent than some of his countrymen. The wild ostriches are becoming rare, and he was greatly delighted to come upon a nest scratched in the sand with sixteen great eggs in it, well within the boundary of his master's property. And here that slur on the moral character of the ostrich must be protested against as a base calumny, time-honored though it be. So far from leaving their eggs to chance and the sun to hatch, they are particularly careful parents, the father and mother birds taking it in turn to sit for six or eight hours at a time. In a tame state they are as regular as clockwork in relieving each other, and the herds declared that they followed the farm-bell to a minute. The incubation is very long, lasting sixty days, and during which they are exemplary in their attentions to the eggs. If they are away for a short time, seeking food, which, when they are wild, must sometimes be very far afield, it is true that they scatter sand and dust over the nest to keep it warm; but sit they must, and sit they do, or there can be no progeny.

Moos made haste home with his welcome news—it was Christmas day, and, therefore, the height of Summer in that southern latitude—and as soon as he reported that the little birds were hatching, a wagon filled with straw, drawn by four horses, was sent to fetch them up. Meantime, however, the mother had taken fright at being watched, and carried off her family into the scrub, so that when the party arrived there was nothing to be seen but two addled eggs kicked out of the nest, and one still un-



FINDING A NEST.

hatched within it. The inmate was pecking feebly at the shell, but, deprived of the necessary warmth, it could not make its way out of prison. The master flung his coat and those of his men hurriedly round the egg, while they all followed on the track of the escaping birds. They were soon caught up; for the little ones, only just out of the shell, could not run fast; they look like balls of yellow-brown fluff, the legs and neck much shorter in proportion than in more advanced life, and with a little dainty manner of holding themselves very pretty and amusing. The poor mother defended them gallantly, but in vain; she looked so piteous, however, with her beautiful, large, liquid, tender eyes, which have long lashes to them, and are very human, that the tender-hearted master's conscience was sore at his



FEEDING YOUNG OSTRICHES.

own cruelty, and the next time he took an ostrich's nest he left two of the children to the parent bird. He was sorry afterwards for his generosity, for they were never seen again, and he believed were devoured by the civet cats; besides which, after a fortnight or so the young are turned off by the parents to shift for themselves.

When the party returned to the nest, they found that the small laggard had got out of his shell looking rather woe-begone, cramped, and high-shouldered, but still all alive and right. The fourteen precious little captives were brought safely up to the farm, where they were fed with chopped lucern, bran, carrots, and the pounded shells of the addled eggs, which are considered excellent food for them. Later in life they require bits of bone, and unlimited pebbles, which, indeed, are necessary to assist the gizzard in grinding down the food of all grain-devouring birds, and may be found in the stomachs of fowls, turkeys, etc. It is only when the hard shell of the barley, wheat, etc., is thus bruised and crushed that the gastric juice can act upon the mealy matter within; and it is a proof of the weakness, not the strength of the digestion of the ostrich, that it thus requires assistance.

At first they kept each other warm by huddling close together under a shed, where they were put at night for shelter, as they are tender little things. They became very tame, especially with the women on the place, and would always come to a petticoat. Men they did not like, perhaps because the boys of the farm (black and white are all alike in such matters) had tormented them. For about a year they stalked about, never straying far, but going where they pleased, getting their own living for the chief part, but coming in two or three times a day for a little barley.

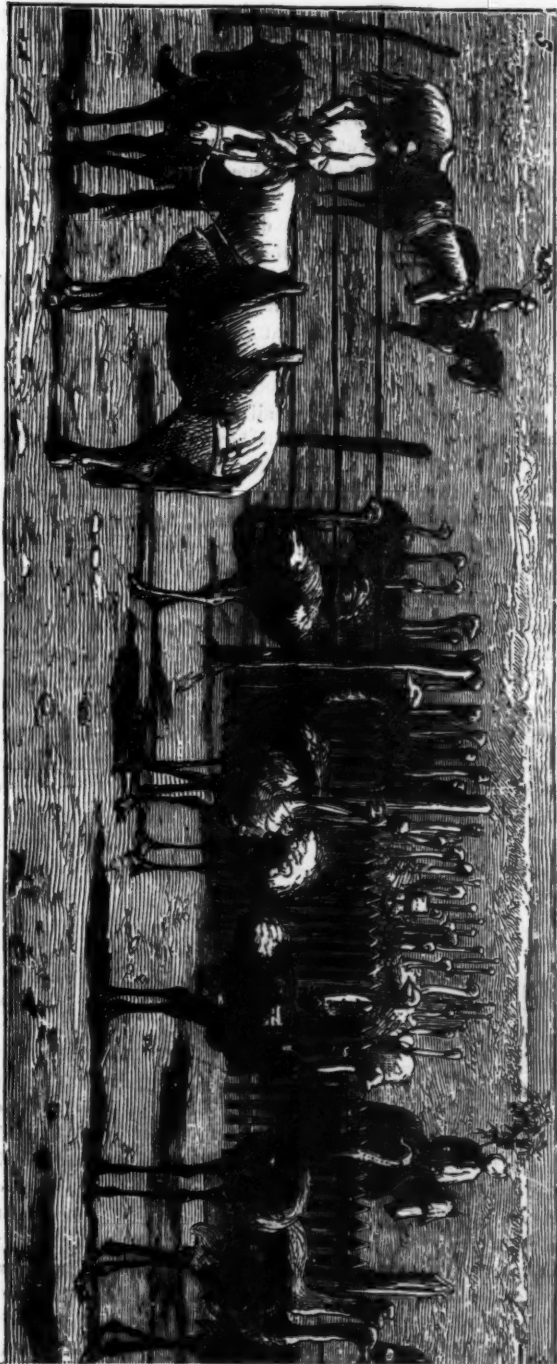
The males are splendid birds, often measuring seven feet in height when the head is raised, and above four feet to the shoulder, with black, shining feathers on the back, and the beautiful plumes, both black and white, under the wings and on the sides of the tail. A band of bright red or pink runs down the leg, and they prance about with great dignity, shaking the wealth of rich, loose, hanging feathers, under their short arms (as one might say), with much pomp and ceremony, before their ladies, who are far more quietly dressed in grey. They too have, however, some white feathers; but these can not be depended upon, as they are often streaked

with grey, and are never so valuable as those of the male birds. Their large eyes have a curious film, which they can bring over them and retract at pleasure.

A pair of fine ostriches is worth about eighty pounds, and five were now parted with; but the remaining nine used nightly to settle themselves to roost at equal distances along the farm-yard, with their large projecting breasts flat on the earth. And a stranger driving up to the place in the dusk was more than once confronted by the nine sentinels suddenly uprising from the ground to their full height with startling effect.

They are extremely strong, and can kill a man by striking at him with the full force of the leg, when the claw, above an inch long, of the front toe, will tear the flesh from head to foot; the wound from the nail is considered to be poisoned. The bird when it is to be plucked is therefore very carefully secured; it is driven into a narrow pen and a bar let down behind it. A stocking is then drawn over its head, and when once blindfolded it remains motionless and makes no resistance. The quill of the feather, when "alive," is full of blood, and plucking must be a painful process. About twenty of the finer feathers, and thirty or forty of the commoner ones, are taken at the same time, when the poor bird's wounds

DRIVING UP THE PLOCK.



are rubbed with sweet oil and vinegar. It soon seems to recover; but the tender-hearted master sometimes cuts the plumes off near the root instead of plucking them; these, however, do not sell so well. A good feather is worth ten shillings at Cape Town, and the produce of the five ostriches amounts to about sixty pounds a year. This, in a bad season, when the wheat is devoured by rust, when the sheep have the scab, when the cattle suffer from dry seasons and short crops, and the oidium is threatening the vines, must be a very pleasant resource to the Cape farmer in his need, which the English one will envy him.

It is by no means, however, all plain sailing with ostrich produce. The birds only breed after five years; and often come to grief; the male birds fight, they rub themselves against the ground—break and dirty their feathers, are fond of water, and often plunge into the pools, and swim over, much to the detriment, of the plumes that are to figure on the bonnet of some Paris or London *élégante*.

The garden pool of the farm in question is surrounded by wild red geraniums six feet high or so, which are mown down from time

The Cape flowers of all kinds are brilliant in color, the hills and heaths gorgeous to behold, though they are said not to have so fine an effect as when "got up" in the borders of an English garden or greenhouse.

Much of the uncultivated land would be good for crops; but as soon as it is even "tickled" by the plow, a prickly scrub, the *Rhenosta*, with thick roots and a short stem, invariably comes up, although there were no signs of it before, as if the seeds were lying in wait; this has to be picked out with great trouble and expense before any use can be made of the land. It is, however, good for burning, and, as there is little wood and no coal, except what is brought from a great distance, this is a comforting consideration.

As the ostriches grew older they were confined in a pen surrounded with a fence of cactus, or prickly pear, the fig of which is good eating; and one day a young mulatto crept in, where he had no business, to steal the fruit. An indignant ostrich struck at him, and tore open the whole leg of his trousers, wounding the thigh. It might have killed him; but the boy Jack, who fed them, a brown orphan, born of a St. Helena woman and a coolie, who had been brought

up on the farm ever since he was eight years old, rushed up at the sound of the shrieks with a basin of barley and rescued the man. The wound, however, was months in healing.

The old wild country with its products is of course yearly retreating farther and farther away. The settlers used to ride down the wild ostriches on this very estate, and kill them for their feathers, a wasteful proceeding now forbidden by law. They are so fleet that a horse has the greatest difficulty in overtaking them, and one of the last of the ostriches which was thus killed on the prop-

erty was by the former proprietor, who having come up with his prey after many doublings, and finding that his horse was dead beat and able to go no farther, he threw the



AT FULL SPEED.

to time only to grow up more luxuriantly, mixed on the lower, moister side with a quantity of tall, white arums and a sort of red gladiolus with long, loose, narrow leaves.

lash of his whip round the ostrich's neck and brought it to the ground.

The bird is very easily killed by a slight twist of the neck or a blow on the head. The immense cavity for air within the breast, which enables it to run so long, makes a sound like a drum when the bird is struck on the back. At one time in the year they make a loud booming noise like that of a bull, very alarming when the ostrich is unseen and comes suddenly close upon you. They are, however, extremely quiet when well treated, and the little children on the farm are often put to ride on their backs. Horses, until they are accustomed to the sight of them, snort and rear in great affright, and the ostrich returns the compliment of dislike. In an ostrich camp close by, when the master went about to inspect his sitting hens they rose at him menacingly, but when he rode round, they remained cowed and silent.

The black secretary bird (so-called by the Dutch because "he wears, as it were, pens behind his ears!") and stalks about with a peculiar stilt, still makes its nest in the wild olives of the nearest kloof (or narrow gorge); but this and the bustard are almost the only peculiar birds of the country now left in this district. Wild beasts have all taken their departure, though the names yet remaining, the "Tiger's Crag," the "Elephant's Kloof," the "Elephant's Koss," or head (the Hottentot name for some huge granite bowlders which lie solitary in a grassy valley, carried thither probably on the back of some glacier in the ancient cold period), all show



OSTRICHES DRINKING.

the state of things that existed not long ago; one which is, indeed, still to be found on the Transvaal frontier some seven or eight hundred miles away, where an old Dutch farmer offered the shooting of a lion to a young English officer a few months back, in the jungle of a kloof, which he kept intact, as we should preserve a pheasant cover, for the lion of the district to disport himself in.

The many-gabled house of one story, with its numerous dependencies, half English, half Dutch in its descent, like the inmates on its sunny slopes, with a grand distant view of Table Mountain and the "Rotten" islands; the sound of the distant boom of the great Atlantic rollers coming across the wide sandy plains when a storm is brewing; the pleasant climate and dry air, through which the great Southern Cross shines so brightly in a sky so clear that the astronomer Royal selected it as one of his stations; the spans of sixteen or eighteen oxen dragging

the mighty wagons over the often roadless country; the ostrich pets which are now satisfactorily hatching their first brood of young ones; the tall Caffre dairy-maid, with her magnificent figure, fetching water from the spring, with a great earthenware pitcher on her head, moving along with a perfectly free and graceful carriage, as if she bore no burden; the old negro cook Jumba, comfortable and jolly, taken out of a slave dhow, but who has stayed on at his own wish these thirty years; the rude plenty; the patriarchal rule of the chiefs of the family over their many colored tribe of dependents,—all give a pleasant idea of pastoral home life. But as no man or woman can be trusted to do any thing out of sight of the master's eye—as nobody steals, but every body shirks work, or does it so as to give himself or herself the least possible trouble—decidedly the hardest place in the establishment must be that of the master and mistress themselves.

A TUESDAY EVENING SERMON.

OLIVE ELLIOTT was in a despondent, not to say a bitter, mood that night. In fact, there was a strong tendency to despondency and bitterness in her nature, and the circumstances of her life had been calculated to develop them. She had been clerk for two years in a large dry-goods store; before that she had lived a monotonous life in a secluded farm-house, near a small country village. Not that there was any thing very crushing about either of these facts; indeed, they afforded cause for thankfulness, and she often felt so, but she had been born with an inordinate love of the beautiful, unlimited aspirations, and strong self-consciousness. There are plenty of people who can admire the works of genius without experiencing a pang because they can not produce something equally worthy, or discover excellence physical, mental, moral, without instituting a self-comparison; but Olive Elliott was not one of these. She had received a tolerable share of training in school, sufficient to raise her ideas above the level of those who had

surrounded her young life, but not thorough enough to yield her any considerable pecuniary benefit; her thirst for advancement had not, however, been without its results. So constantly alert was she for new ideas, so well did she improve her limited opportunities, that her mind was already highly cultivated; it only needed opportunity to develop into richness. Even now she employed her scanty leisure in study, and her great ambition was to render herself able to engage in some intellectual employment.

A celebrated English writer has said that it takes us one-half our lives to become accustomed to these bodies of ours so as not to be hampered by them. Olive Elliott had not completed the half of the allotted life of man, and she had not yet become indifferent to her mind's tenement. She rarely looked in the glass without a feeling of disgust at the blemishes it reflected, so little had she of the beauty in which her soul delighted, the style which makes plainness striking, or

the subtle magnetism which renders its possessor charming.

Moralists have so long held beauty to be a snare, and considered it so inseparable from vanity, that I question whether they have not overlooked the danger to sensitive natures from its lack. Nowhere does Miss Phelps—she who writes about the Gates Ajar—show deeper insight than when she puts these words, ludicrous, irreverent, pitiful, all at once into the mouth of Abinadab Quick: "I do n't believe that a benevolent God ever would ha' made sech a derved, awkward chap as I am." Not but that this girl understood quite as well as you or I that the outward appearance was a very slight matter in comparison with mightier affairs of life; she despised herself for this weakness, fought against it; nor do I wish you to think of her as selfish and complaining. Every month she sent a portion of her salary home to the weary father and mother struggling with debt and striving to equip a large family for the battle of life. Her brightest dreams were lit up with the hope of sharing her fair fortune with them. At home she had learned to curb her restless nature, and she seemed to bear her burdens and disappointments with patience. Perhaps had her life been less solitary she might not have acquired this habit of introspection, which saddened and made her old before her time; but to youth, and especially to girlhood, come wondrous visions of some beautiful future which shall enfold it in an enraptured embrace. To her they came in unusual splendor, because the vivid imagination must paint in colors rare and glowing to satisfy the keen mind and yearning heart. Her judgment had told her when she had scarcely emerged from childhood, how vain were all such anticipations; but still like tormenting but fascinating specters, they refused to be laid, and not infrequently a gleam of brightness was heralded as the dawn of a golden day. But it was sure to fade away, leaving the horizon darker than before, and so, unsuspected by others, there was at times a wild hunger in her heart which gnawed on silently and unappeased.

Her boarding place was quite an unusual

one for a person in her position—a handsome residence on one of the finest streets of the city. Its owner, Hugh Downing, and Jacob Elliott, her father, had been boys together; but their paths in life had diverged far since they had fished together in the trout brook and worked sums out of the same arithmetic. Still the heart of the prosperous merchant was no less warm toward the poor farmer than it had been toward his school-fellow forty years before. It was he who had secured Olive's position for her, and insisted that she should board in his own family, and who would willingly have done much more could he have overcome the sturdy independence of both father and daughter. Hugh Downing had one child—Grace, a beautiful girl, just the age of Olive. Sparkling, sunny, with a silvery, ringing laugh, a sweet nature which seemed to scatter sunbeams like a Summer morning, a figure lithe as a fawn; she could not tie a ribbon in her hair or even sit quietly with her hands in her lap without making a graceful picture. With this truly beautiful girl Olive had been in daily intercourse for two years. Is it any wonder, then, that she was alternately a delight and a sore temptation to one to whom the sheen of the silks upon the counter or a dainty bit of color sent a quiver after which she felt herself homelier and more clumsy than before? Nor was it this merely. Olive Elliott was a student of human nature; she never met a character that at all interested her which she did not bear to her mental dissecting-room, to determine its structure and find out its hidden springs. So, puzzling and pondering over Grace Downing, she came to the conclusion that her charms were almost entirely "in the flesh." She was intelligent, but not at all intellectual; diamond chippings from the great poets which flashed before Olive with dazzling light, or sometimes wounded her by their sharpness, Grace never noticed. She thought of the actors in fiction or history as lifeless puppets, while to Olive they were as veritable as the flesh and blood of to-day. She could talk volubly, gracefully, but one never felt particularly stimulated after conversation with her, or carried away any new

ideas; it was only a bright memory of the gay badinage and charming voice. She did not even appreciate beauty corresponding to her own in the worshipful, artistic way that Olive did. Her amiability even, which was so highly praised, Olive could not help asking how much of it was temperament. It seemed to be natural to her to say sweet, coaxing things which were ever so much more telling because of the sweet, coaxing mouth which had been given her to say them with; and she said them to all, to old people and to uninteresting people, but was there so very much merit in it if it was a gift? Every one was so sure to like and admire her, that she did not seem to have the little slights and trials to which many are subject to test her, and show how much there was of genuine unselfishness. It is surely so much easier to be beaming and agreeable when you are sailing majestically over the blue waters under fair skies than when you are tossing down in the trough of the sea. She did not envy Grace her wealth, except in the leisure it afforded; she was willing to work, wanted to earn that for which she was striving, but sometimes she felt that her rightful wages were withheld. Here was Grace, to whom all things came as a matter of course, without any effort of her own. Were some "born to the purple" and others to the "holland?" Was that the answer? Not that she went about in a disagreeable state of chronic jealousy, oh, dear, no! the girls were dear friends; Grace was too lovable and Olive too conscientious to have it otherwise, and though in the olden days, when people had a heart-ache, they covered their faces and sat in sackcloth and ashes, it is rarely that we have sufficient leisure or sufficient honesty for such a proceeding in these modern times. We put on our brightest neckties, crimp our hair if we are in the habit of it,

"And, like the Spartan boy, we smile and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks."

To-night, as I said in the beginning, she was in a despondent mood. She was very tired for one thing; there had been extra work, and she had been obliged to stay much later than usual; but more than that, she

felt a dreary sense of failure. She was not the most successful saleswoman in the store; "faithful, but not that kind of knack about her that some of our clerks have," was what her employer would have said if questioned. It was the last of the month; the clerks had been paid that night, and one girl who had come into the store six months later than Olive had done, and had "that kind of knack about her," had received an increase of salary. She blamed nobody, but she had worked so hard; she would be so glad to excel even in this; she was so anxious to rise to something higher; it was but another proof of her defects which were inherent and could not be remedied. Why must she always pull against the stream? As she plodded wearily home through the wind and rain, she could have cried out in bitterness of soul, and the burden of her cry would have been: "Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocence." What difference did it make that she spent her evenings in study and the others in silly amusements, or that she was trying "to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God," while the rest rarely thought of these things? The laws of business demanded that people should be paid for what they could do; not for what they were or were aiming to be. There was no injustice to complain of, but who cared how hard she had tried, or what became of her, except that dear group in the old farm-house? It did make a difference if she had only known it. There was not one in the store from owner to errand-boy, who would not, had she been laid in her coffin, have borne witness to her integrity and unselfishness. The girls all knew where to look for sympathy if any thing troubled them,—intuition reveals "who knows the secret of grief;"—but as for ever saying to her what they said of her, why, they never dreamed that any one so cheerful and self-contained as Miss Elliott would care for a word of encouragement, and they were just like the rest of the world.

The tea had been kept warm for her; how kind the Downings had always been, to be sure. She knew when she came through the hall that there was company in the parlor,

and presently Grace came flitting down radiant as a May morning to sympathize with her for being so late, and to tell her that Mr. Farman was up stairs; and would n't she come up and see him? She refused, saying that she was too tired; and Grace kissing her, danced back again like a bright vision. How sweet and good she was. But Mr. Farman! something very like a sneer curled her lip; for Olive Elliott had once had great expectations of this same Mr. Farman; he was a rising young lawyer, and soon after coming to the city she had heard him deliver an address at the laying of the corner-stone of a young ladies' seminary, and had been charmed and stirred by his flights of eloquence; so vigorously had he demanded the higher education for woman, so scornfully had he trampled upon the idea that she was but a pet and plaything for man, so high an ideal of the culture and influence of the parlor did he draw, that when Grace made his acquaintance, and he began to call at the house, she was overjoyed at the thought that now she had found some one who would appreciate and help her. But she soon found that Mr. Farman was not always at platform heights. He would as soon talk of Jennie Jenkins's engagement as of Margaret Fuller's intellect, and appeared vastly more interested in the afghan that Grace Downing was making, than in the "Stones of Venice." She soon found, too, that he did not care to talk with *her* on any subject, and of course she promptly retired from the field, though deeply disappointed. Understand me; I do not mean that she fell in love, though had that been the case, no one would have known it; she had only contempt, no pity, for the gentle Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, holding forth a love to be rejected; but she knew that she had power, that there was that in her which, if clothed in grace and beauty, would flash forth into brilliancy, and throw in the shade dozens like Grace Downing. It seemed that a man of his penetration might see the diamond glitter though the casket was not pleasing, and she would have been so glad of a friend who knew his way amid the windings of classic groves. We get used to such contradictions

as we grow older, and can exercise charity. but Olive was young and inexperienced. She had intended to go directly to her own room, but at the foot on the stairs she heard Grace strike the chords on the piano, and obeying an irresistible impulse, turned, and glided noiselessly into the back parlor, which was not lighted, and seated herself in its farthest corner. Her place was among the shadows, she thought fiercely. It was a pretty group in the other parlor of which Grace was the center, the eyes of father, mother, and lover, all bent tenderly upon her. She could sing and play exquisitely, just as she did every thing. Olive wondered sometimes if it were the charm that the music shed over them, that could make her render with such pathos words that she would never have stopped to read.

Her white hands wandered lightly through the prelude; it was the cool babble of a brook over the pebbles. The sweet voice commenced softly, mingling so with the sound of the gurgling water that it seemed a part of it:

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley."

The tears came to Olive's eyes as the brook sped on, drawing her to forget herself in listening to its murmur:

"I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers."

Merrily on it hastened, but this was the picture it left with her:

"There runs a shallow brook across our field
For twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,
And doth so bound and babble all the way
As if itself were happy. It was May time,
And I was talking with the man I loved,

And both were silent, letting the wild brook
Speak for us—till he stooped and gathered one
From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots,
Looked hard and sweet at me; and gave it me."

But now its babble grew fainter:

"I chatter, chatter, as I go
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

as though you no longer stood beside it watching the sun-flashes on its surface, but had wandered on into the daisied meadows until you lost it quite.

The music began again ; but this time you heard the melancholy drip of the rain :

"The day is cold and dark and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall."

Olive went back to her room at home on stormy nights, and heard the wind shrieking for admittance, while the windows shook for fear, and the long fingers of the leafless rose-bush tapped in ghostly warning against the pane. The storm grows louder, and hark ! then is a soul her own ! mingling its plaint with that of the weather—

"The hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary."

The tempest in her heart rushed on so much more wildly than the song or its sad accompaniment, that the closing lines were too feeble to make a rift in the clouds ;

"Thy fate is the common fate of all
Into each life some ruin must fall."

Did that make it any better ? Would it render her any happier to know that that fair face in there would be marred by the small-pox and the light heart smitten with loneliness ? Such thoughts seemed fiendish. But was there not light somewhere ? It was evident enough that the "cold and dark and dreary" strains which she had found in her life's prelude were suggestive of the after passages. Was there not a plan even for her with which she did not fully co-operate ? Could she not strike some triumphant note whose peal the blast could not drown ? The gay tones of Grace made a discord : "It is a wet night outside and I must give you plenty of water to harmonize," and she turned over the pile of music. Did Mr. Farman enjoy the music ? Oh yes ! but he was thinking how bright her hair was, and the shepherd's idyl of more than a hundred years ago explains it all :

"So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more."

I think he would have been equally pleased had she given him "Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines." The piano commenced again the monotonous murmur of the sea

against a sandy beach, and Grace's touching voice sang :

"Three fishers went sailing away to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down."

Olive saw them sailing away to their doom in the red glow of the angry sunset ; felt the stern necessity which held in iron grip the brave hearts that went and the sad hearts that stayed. The sound rose into the hoarse dash of the rolling surge :

"But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning."

A piercing wail, dying away into a heart-rending moan :

"In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and ringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town."

A great wave swept over Olive and tore away her selfishness ; there were others besides her watching for a ship to come over the sea ; sadder yet, some stood on the sands and saw the broken spars floating by or their dead treasure washed to their feet by the pitiless tide.

Grace whirled around on the piano-stool after the last measure with a light laugh :

"You must begin to fear a deluge ; that is positively the last."

"If that is so, I really must be going," said Mr. Farman, looking at his watch, "I had no idea the time had gone so. I have an engagement that I ought to have met a half hour ago."

"Grace," said Mrs. Downing as her daughter came back from the hall, "if you are not tired I wish you would sing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' before you close the piano."

And Grace sang it. It was just what Olive needed, the very last trace of bitterness died in her heart, as she followed, syllable by syllable, the prayer ; also a new determination sprang up :

"Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee."

Grace closed the piano, arranged the disordered music and brought out her worsted work, a pair of slippers, masculine size.

Olive came forward, "I want to thank you Grace," said she, "for your singing to-night, its has done me so much good."

"Why, Olive," she answered, "I thought you were up-stairs asleep. You seemed so tired."

"Yes, I was; but I stopped to hear you sing, and I feel like a new creature."

"Well, I am sure I am glad if I have pleased you," she said sweetly, but she was thinking of some one else whom she had pleased.

"Grace," said her father, "I wish you would read the evening paper to me, these glasses are a great bother."

"O Mr. Downing," said Olive brightly, "do n't you know that Christmas is coming and those slippers must be finished? I am indebted to Grace; I can't sing for her, but I can read the paper."

He smiled benignantly at the two, and Olive took up the paper. She read the editorials, the European news, the markets, the local items, and the jokes; just as she was laying it aside, her eyes fell on a scrap of

poetry in one corner. Has every-thing been arranged specially for me to-night? she thought. It was these two stanzas from Mrs. Browning:

"In your patience ye are strong, cold and heat ye take not wrong:

When the trumpet of the angel blows eternity's evangel
Time will seem to you not long.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west;

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, his rest."

She went up-stairs with a peaceful heart. The sunshine of other lives or the darkness of her own seemed of little moment, for she had heard again the voice of Christ, tender, searching as when it fell on the ears of blundering Peter: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." She repeated,

"I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, his rest."

"Why, it seems like a benediction," she said; and that was not strange, for there is always a benediction after the sermon.

THE RIDDLE.

COME we with a question old,
Voiced by age and time and race,
From creation's dawn it tolled
Death to all who saw its face
And could not its depths explore,
Tell the meaning of its lore
Open wide its mystic door.

Question we with anxious eyes,
Seeing naught but hopeless strife;
Who will tell us of the prize?
Who doth know the end of life?
Now let kings with slaves at feet,
Prophets, priests, and sages meet;
Give an answer we entreat!

Canst thou tell, O age of ours,
Swift to move and quick to speak,
In thy myriad wondrous powers,
Hast thou strength to help the weak?
From thy sciences and arts,
Teeming fields and crowded marts,
Send some cheer to aching hearts!

Then rich merchants on the seas,
Busy clerks o'er ledgers bent,
Gray-haired man despising ease,
With his thoughts on cent per cent—
Answer all in chorus bold:
Life is precious, it means gold!
Piles of yellow shining mold.

But of what beyond the grave?
For the gold we leave behind.
Is there nothing we can save?
Must we lose instead of find?
Go, thy sordid voice we spurn!
To the sacred past we turn
For the lesson we would learn.

Ask we first of Chaldean power:
Babylonian, what thy creed?
On the walls of Nimrod's tower,
Shall we but of giants read?
But she speaks,—nor fame nor crime,
Her despair, or faith sublime.
Have been sealed from us by time.

Karnak,—Temples of the East,
 Did your builders grope toward light?
 Persia, thou hadst truth at least!
 Zoroaster showed thee right,
 But the worshiper of fire,
 Gives no meaning for life higher
 Than sweet passion's warm desire.
 Egypt, turn we to thy hands,
 On the borders of the Nile,
 Read to us thy desert sands!
 But her face is stone the while,
 And she answers by the Sphinx,
 Pyramids and slave-chain links,—
 Legacies for him who thinks.
 Sea-girt Greece, whom glory knew,
 Who to triple arts gave birth,
 Once to Freedom thou wert true,
 Teach us, who hast taught the earth!
 Oh the marble record see!
 Laocoon and Niobe,—
 Struggled they and wept as we?
 Rome imperial, with a sway,
 Won by self from pole to pole,—
 In the fullness of thy day,
 Didst thou light the darkened soul?
 Law and conquest—Bacchant's breath,
 Pomp of triumphs—Forum death—
 Are these all thy grandeur smith?
 In the minster now we bend:
 Teach us, Father, how to live!
 While the incense-clouds ascend,
 Comes the answer, Shrive and give;

Why ask more than pictured shrines,
 Cloistered nuns, and sparkling wines,
 Peccadilloes and their fines?

Nature, worn with doubts and fears,
 We would turn for rest to thee:
 In the slow loom of thy years,
 May we faithful patterns see?
 But she heeds no sad appeal,
 In her work she can reveal
 Law, but neither woe nor weal.

Baffled, yearning, stumbling on,
 Must we in our darkness die?
 Every earthly ray is gone.

Lo, upon the Eastern sky
 Gleams a sign, a blood-red gem,
 Centered in love's diadem,
 'T is the Star of Bethlehem!

By this light again we seek,
 And the puzzle grows more clear,
 Through each failure triumphs speak,
 By each longing This drew near.
 Prophet tongues proclaimed the way;
 Art-lit flames until the day;
 Science toiled for truth's fit sway.

As fulfilling dim desires
 Thou art come, O Christ, to man!
 'T is toward thee he e'er aspires
 Through the ages' checkered plan.
 Into darkness thou dost shine,
 Teaching what life is by thine;
 Man in worship grows divine.

VOICES IN THE WIND.

VOICES rising on the hill,
 All its gusty passes fill,
 Speaking to the winds, and then
 Lost in hollows of the glen.

Voices of an unknown tongue,
 Broken speech, with pauses hung,
 In the viewless winds go by—
 Is it song or is it sigh?

Voices from the past that rise,
 Sorrow-laden haunting cries,

Laughter-rippling waves that break
 In a tremulous, wailing shake.

Voices from the days to come.
 Half prophetic, telling some
 Dim foreboding, losing breath
 In the deep calm vale of death.

'T is the listening heart that flings
 On the wind the song it sings—
 Worldless voices of the brain
 Borne, like echoes, back again.

STUDIES OF THE TOWN.

A LOVE of the country usually goes along with the poetic temperament; but Charles Lamb's dislike of it is almost as famous as his poetry. No more delicate, sympathetic nature ever expressed itself in letters than the gentle humorist's, but he felt at home only amid the thronging life of London. His passion for the crowded metropolis was as controlling as Wordsworth's for the lakes and hills of Westmoreland. If he were not almost an anomaly in this respect one would say that his indifference to the charms of natural scenery sprang from want of familiarity with it when a child. To enjoy nature, so much depends upon observation, and an observation beginning with the first years of life. With all her opulence she gives back only in proportion to what she receives—measure for measure.

But perhaps no one is so well prepared to appreciate the town as the person born and bred in the country. The phases and aspects of the city are less subtle than those in which God only has a hand. Nature knows no monotony, she never repeats herself; but there is a limit to the features of the biggest city show. It astonishes and overwhelms by its size and obviousness, but one gets through it much sooner than might be imagined; and the fresh, quick observer who has spent his first years among green meadows, wild brooks, and woodland birds, with a keen eye and ear for the sights and sounds around him, very quickly catches the key to which town life is set. Very likely, too, he comes to it with the knowledge which is born of vivid imagination. He recognizes its voices as those he has listened to in still nights when every bird's voice was silenced, and the dew dropped heavily over reaches of daisied fields, or in hot, dreaming noons, when only the cicada's voice thrilled through the air.

Every body remembers the strange Brontë boy's knowledge of London streets. He was acquainted not only with every great thoroughfare but every byway and alley of that

Babylon long before he had trodden one of its pavements. The city map and a brooding imagination did more for him than a life-time of residence does for some others. And his gifted sister has told the world in one of her books her delight when she first visited the great metropolis. Its opulence and splendor, the thronging life of its streets, inspired and thrilled her imagination; in a certain sense, she was in her own element as truly as when she roamed the wild moors of Yorkshire.

The size of a great town is what first impresses most strongly, though perhaps this impression is less strong at the beginning than at any other time. It takes months, or even years, to receive the full sense of vast magnitude, and this sense is often added to on the most unexpected occasions—at odd moments rather than at call, or by reference to distances as reckoned on the map. Sometimes turning down an unfamiliar street rouses the idea of size, and a view from the house-top when the setting sun is throwing level lines of light across the roofs, making every object stand out clear and distinguishable, revealing a multitude of chimneys as far as the eye can grasp their individuality, conveys a more acute realization of extent than a loftier stand-point would do without the aid of sunset. To ride for an hour through an unfamiliar portion of the city instructs less suddenly, but with good effect. The streets not only are new, but every thing else. Within an hour or two of home the buildings and people have a half-foreign look.

But still better for forming an estimate of size, if the experience could be appreciated, are the perpetually strange faces met in one's every-day walks. You recognize less than a dozen among hundreds and even thousands, though you take the same route every morning and afternoon. Occasionally one meets the same person on the same corner day after day and month after month; and among the rare experiences of life, one chances to encounter an acquaintance of ten years ago,

when both were a thousand miles away. The earth seems a pretty small place after all when the widely divergent lines of two persons can intersect so exactly totally by chance.

The aristocratic quarter of a large town is not by any means the most interesting. Magnificent blocks of brick and stone, where the rich dwell in stately seclusion apart from the busy and the humble, are only magnificent, and nothing more. The splendor chills and depresses rather than inspires. Even the great fashionable avenue, which is given up to wealth and fashion entirely, is a dull place compared with those thoroughfares where fashion and business unite. Here the interest thickens in proportion as these elements unite. Broadway in New York is more entertaining than Fifth Avenue, because busier and more varied. The pulse is quickened and the mind inspired by the movement of life which is active, and not aimless and drifting in its character. Each individual has a purpose and end in view, and communicates his enterprise to every other. One feels a part of the living stream that flows up and down so ceaselessly, and not an outsider or observer merely. Even a stranger, unless he is homesick or sad, feels a curious sense of proprietorship in the busy scenes of a populous thoroughfare. And if he be gifted with sympathy and imagination he finds himself as truly a stockholder as thousands who count their gains in coined gold. Investments of this sort have the merit of permanence and safety; and the value of the stock fluctuates only with the mood of the investor.

This is worth mentioning, however. For it must be principally a matter of mood that at one time a street looks grand and palatial and at another seems to have shrunk and degenerated. Probably we are all conscious of a change coming over the stable, unyielding stone which is not at all accountable. The tallest, most imposing structure is not equally tall on all occasions. Nor does it look always the same in other respects. In the country one can credit the sky or atmosphere with those subtle variations in size or altitude which appear in familiar hills. It is a strange but not uncommon

experience to find of a sudden some accustomed locality to take on an unrecognizable aspect. If the features have not altered the expression has, and laughs at you inscrutably as you refer to the name on the lamp-post in half bewilderment. A street filled with people and the same street empty bear so little resemblance, that one might easily get lost in it. When a heavy snow has fallen, the transformation of the town is more marked than in the country; for there the change appeals chiefly to the eye. The great unbroken waste has muffled a thousand delicate voices; yet these are so unobtrusive that the difference is not striking. But to walk through a popular avenue when snow lies deep, with no continuous thunder of heavy wheels and sharp clatter of hoofs smiting the ear, is one of the oddest of experiences. You begin to realize how much of your energy and attention are monopolized by mere noise. Observation grows quicker and keener in the quiet; and one notes a hundred things not seen at other times. And one of the differences in the aspect lies in the effect of the change upon others. Faces are more open and communicative, and you have the pleasure of taking people by surprise. The straightforward, reticent, seemingly unobservant expression that characterizes the town face so largely, relaxes on such an occasion; and even that self-contained, supercilious countenance that seems to scorn every thing about it, turning neither to the right nor left in its superior knowledge, gives some sign of relenting.

Nor should atmospheric effects be undervalued here. The perspective of a street of any length is always fine; it is even more fascinating than that of the open. The precision of the narrowing lines is most satisfying to the artistic sense, and the delicate gradations of distance are better appreciated when bounded and hemmed in on either side. The long stretch of high walls is a kind of measuring line to the eye, apt to get lost in a wide expanse, even if there were no architectural effect to consider. A street running in a straight line for a mile or more, narrowing away to a point, its roof-line broken by spires and domes and towers,

is one of the most agreeable pictures, which somehow the eye never tires of. For effects of this kind I have noticed how indiscriminating art is. The aristocratic avenue has little if any advantage over the one devoted to business; which is built up chiefly with warehouses and shops, where the Babel of noises is worst and the crowd of humanity thickest. The dim perspective is just as fascinating here as there, and the thousand forms of poverty and ugliness soften into the same large, indistinct beauty as enwraps the rich and the fortunate. One instinctively hopes that this is only typical of that happy unity of condition which awaits those whose circumstances are so dissimilar here.

But those quarters of a large town inhabited by the poor would be deeply interesting and even entertaining when viewed near at hand, were it not for two sympathetic organs of the body—the heart and the nose. It will probably have to be confessed that of the two the nose is the most active in receiving impressions; so quick, indeed, that its neighbor has hardly a chance to become affected. And as to ill-smells these can usually be found in almost any part of the city. What a satire it is upon wealth and magnificence, that with all their arts and contrivances, they can not control bad odors. The aristocratic nostril is no more respected than any other.

The sympathy expended upon dwellers in the upper story seems to me quite wasted. Aside from the difficulty of getting there, one would think it the most desirable part of the house to live in. You not only escape the sense of being shut in and overborne by a heavy weight, but have the advantage of overlooking all. A certain stigma attaches to the attic, as it is supposed to be occupied by doubtful or impecunious people, and the dwellers *au cinquième* in Paris do not, as a rule, belong to the most reputable class of society; but the locality itself is neither dishonest nor a beggar. It cheats you of nothing, nor does it ask any favors; for if water is obtained only in the lower stories, the purest, driest air is had above. There is no small satisfaction in living literally "above the world," where one can observe without be-

ing observed. Decorum seldom walks sky-gazing on a crowded pavement; and one of the most acute pleasures of human nature is to take people unawares. There is something, too, in being so much nearer the sky and in having a wider horizon. Although roofs and chimneys are not so interesting as a landscape, the sky is the next best company to green fields and woods; and a gray tower or lofty spire, which somehow looks higher part way up than it does from the pavement, supposing it could be seen from there at all, may be a perpetual joy and inspiration. It is fortunate that poets and editors are obliged as a general thing to live in the garret, for it seems less likely that they could get inspired below. Not to speak of the fewer distractions, there is something in aerial life which gives wings to thought and imagination. Birds, too, flit around upper windows, and perch on the edges of roofs, descending to the street only for food and water, as if to teach us that the substance of life is gathered from above. With all these advantages, who would live on the ground floor?

I said the size of a large city is what first impresses most; but I should very likely have said the noise. What a confused clamor and uproar! The city would not be the city without it. Fancy the stone pavements all abolished in order to estimate the proportion of noises due to them. This is what constitutes the unique charm of Venice. A crowd of people makes far less noise than one horse and wagon clattering over the pavement. Such an acute, penetrating, alarming noise can be made by one horse and cart moving together over cobble-stones that it is difficult to believe they do not make it with malice prepense. That it can be merely accidental, the result of a series of simple concussions seems quite incredible. Yet a million, more or less, not to be too accurate, crash over the pavings of the large town every day and no effectual remonstrance has yet been offered. The most amazing thing about the noise is, that society has tolerated it so long. The big brother of the small cart when heavily laden makes a noise quite inconceivable. Who could

credit unless he had heard those terrific clamors, those tremendous reverberations which one of these vehicles can create as it passes slowly along the street late at night or just before dawn.

There are some peaceful spots within a stone's throw of the busiest and noisiest portions of any city, and nothing can be more curious than the first impression wrought on the mind as one turns into one of them from the concentrated commotion and uproar. It is like the sudden cessation of great pain, and is one of those experiences which one can never become quite accustomed to; which always has in it the element of surprise. There are by streets and ways scattered through every city which produce the impression of having no connection with the main thoroughfares from which they lead. Though so near, yet they seem isolated and remote. Within a block or two of noisy, tumultuous traffic, one might dwell a recluse. It is quite as curious to reflect on the way in which this isolation has come about, for probably very seldom is it the result of a plan or purpose. The place has been left behind accidentally by the resistless tide of commerce or pleasure, like the solitary little bay left behind by the flood of a great river.

It might be said that the size of a large city is best shown by the ignorance of it of many life-long residents,—ignorance not only of organizations and societies, but of localities and places of considerable resort. A writer in the *Boston Transcript* has illustrated this in recounting the history of the Needlewoman's Aid Society of that city. Very many intelligent people are not aware of its existence. Yet it has a record of thirty-two years' useful life and service! One can live in the city and be densely ignorant of all but the most conspicuous public events; and the occurrence we have waited for a year may take place within a block and yet escape us. It is curious to note the ignorance of most people as to the exact locality of a given number in a long street or avenue with relation to the various streets which cross it. Question any half-dozen of the most intelligent persons upon that point and discover how little they

know about it. The various information you get is as amusing as it is wise and decisive, and two policemen will differ as widely in their estimate of a distance as doctors do upon the value of remedies.

Very few people know the metropolis thoroughly in all its features and aspects. Thousands live and die in it without taking advantage of half its opportunities. They pass them in their every-day round without seeing them. But there is so much to distract and preoccupy in a great town that this blindness is not so bad as that of some persons in the country. A man who had walked past a grove of pine trees four times a day for twenty years once wrote to a newspaper to ask when their foliage is renewed!

There is a certain class of people who appreciate the advantages of town life in a purely material way. With no fine sense of values whatever, they take the results of other people's brains as a matter of course. It is as if the rare inventions, arts and appliances of a complex and wonderful civilization had grown naturally upon bushes for them to pluck wholesale. Picture all that goes to the accommodation of the most ignorant and unappreciative resident of the metropolis to-day. What forces of matter and mind he controls, and how many servants from far and near come at his call. And the young girl who walks so trippingly down the fashionable avenue is a queen in other realms besides the kingdom of youth. How the whole world waits on her! Not only the toilers of the sea and the land, and the sea and the land themselves in every latitude, but the great masters of all time, in science, art, literature, music. The treasure-house of the world has been ransacked to please her vagrant fancy, and its rarest gems are poured lavishly at her feet. This is true enough of every intelligent member of modern society; but it is specially true of those who dwell in the great centers of population; in the midst of all the results of human labor and genius. Happy are they who know the value of the pearls cast before them—with what toil and patience they have been gathered out of the ages—and how to wear them becomingly!

OLD AND NEW JAPAN.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

A FEW days before we reached Japan the emperor, a young man of twenty-seven, and the hundred and twenty-first ruler of his line and dynasty, had opened in person an exhibition in his capital, walking with the empress between the files of invited guests and ticket holders. Less than twenty years ago the person of that emperor would have been as invisible and sacred as a god. It is plain that those twenty years mark a period of as thorough and singular a revolution as any of which we have record.

A line of islands, curved like a crescent moon, almost rests its horns upon the coast of Asia, the northern horn reaching within five miles of the main-land, and divided from it by so shallow a strait that when certain winds prevail it is possible to walk across dry-shod, and in some Winters the journey may be made on the ice in an hour. Within these islands a nation has grown up in the most complete seclusion. It has a long history that stretches back for more than two thousand years, checkered like other histories by wars and intrigues, and darkened by the shadows of passion; but the history of a race of men who cultivated art and literature, and whose period of greatest brilliance was reached under female reigns. Since Western nations began to know the East the land has been practically sealed. Stories of it were told by Marco Polo; Xavier and the Jesuit missionaries obtained a footing, and wrote of splendid successes, which were soon swept out by the fires of persecution; a few Dutch merchants were allowed to settle on a few square yards of island formed for them near the shore of a southern port; but if they went on land they were hooded like falcons and caged like wild beasts. There our intercourse ended. Only tales of Japan filtered out into Europe—tales of a fertile and populous land, of vast cities, of castles of enormous strength, of palaces that were like cities for size, of barons who lived in feudal state, of art and culture

and splendor, and of a court whose magnificence was scarcely rivalled in the East. The impression left was vague enough; yet it was of an ancient, stable, and haughty people, and conservative beyond even other Oriental races. It became all the more puzzling to hear that Japan was not only open to foreigners, but was copying foreign ways with a rapidity that was bewildering, yet with an amount of intelligence and purpose that showed capacity, and seemed to forbid the supposition of caprice. Japan grew more mysterious than ever. Here was a land where we could have a peep into the Middle Ages without the intervention of history. Here was mediæval Europe doffing its coat of mail, and hurrying by cabs to railway stations. Here was a country that, with a longer history, had passed through fewer changes than any of the West, a people whose records of government reached back to the time of Cæsar, apparently changing the habits and the settled policy of centuries, and so publicly that all the world might look on.

There was fact upon fact to prove that this was not a dream. More than two centuries ago Christianity had been proscribed, and it was thought exterminated, and in some public place of every town, by road-side, ferry, and mountain pass, there hung the ominous law that adjudged the Christian to death. The law was not a dead letter. So late as 1829 six men and an old woman were crucified as Christians at Osaka; for Christ was a name of terror and hatred through all the land. And now Christian missionaries were in all the open ports, and some were employed by the government as teachers in native schools. Foreigners, who had been excluded by the strictest cordon ever drawn, were now living freely in the capital. I met a gentleman in Shanghai who told me that when he visited Tokio sixteen years ago the street was filled with scowling braves, who sometimes thrust at him with their long, sharp swords between the files of his power-

ful escort. In 1863 one foreigner would scarcely visit another in that city without the protection of a military guard; and in 1877 it was reached by rail, and the traveler found a cab-stand at the railway station. It had been death to leave the empire; yet in 1870 the emperor allowed the daimios to travel, and they are found in the capitals and picture galleries of Europe. Twenty-five years ago two young scholars, who had thought to see a little of the world through Commodore Perry, were punished so severely that, in spite of intercession, nothing was ever heard of them; but since then more than five hundred of the picked youth of the country have been sent to the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and France at the expense of the treasury. The emperor, or mikado, was a veiled mystery; even in a book with portraits of living celebrities I found the present sovereign represented by a pair of feet that peeped out beneath a vague expanse of curtain; but in these days he drives about his capital, and his photograph sells in the shops.

We had reached the land of all these problems. There was no sound about the steamer, save the ripple of the tide as it ran gently past. When the sun rose we were to see old and new Japan under our eye at once; and we were too eager to lie still. After a broken rest we were early up. The sky was bright with the dawn, and the wooded bluffs grew distinct, and the ships in the offing, and the distant town. There was a noise of approaching oars and human voices, and we looked out to have the first peep at the Land of the Rising Sun. Now Japanese boatmen stand in the stern of the boat and scull rather than row, and this was what met the eye: a tall and well-made man, with skin slightly bronzed; he had laid his hat aside and come out in his gala suit; it was a dining-coat that some one had once worn in England, but it had shrunk and would not meet across the middle; scissors, indeed, had continued the division of the swallow-tail some way up the back; but still it hung wide open in front, and, save a narrow girdle round the loins, it was the sole article of clothing which our visitor possessed; all

the rest was pure natural bronze. I see the quaint figure still, the coat open behind as he bent to his oar, and always open in front, the cheerful face, as the man looked up, the unconsciousness of any thing astray. One of our passengers maintained that he had seen another of these early boatman clothed simply in a paper collar; but I remembered that when we were at the geysers in California our guide pointed to an overhanging spot in the soft rock, hissing with jets of hot steam, as the scene of a tragedy where a gentleman, against his entreaty, had gone in to take a bath, and how the only remains that were ever discovered of him were his collar and a slight smell of singeing. I remembered, and was unbelieving. There were sufficient novelties and oddities without creating them.

Safely packed in the hotel boat, the rowers chanting an incessant mournful groan as if expiring from want of breath, we threaded our way between monitors, gun-boats, swift China clippers, and such picturesque but ungainly junks as might have been built before Columbus. We landed at a custom-house, and had our luggage inspected as if it had been at Dover, while the porters who carried it withdrew attention from their want of clothes by the rich color of the marvelous patterns with which they were tattooed in blue and red. We walked through streets bordered by tall stone buildings, and past shop-windows that would have been no discredit to a European city; then in a moment turned into a region of brown, dull, low-roofed houses, gay with colored signs, while the road between was filled with figures that had walked off fans and tea-trays. No one would recognize the fisher-village of yesterday in the Yokohama of to-day, with its fifty thousand people, its broad streets lighted by gas-lamps, its handsome public buildings, and the lines of charming villas along its bluffs. But the population of the fisher-village is still about the town, and Europe and this primitive Asia meet at every corner. The watering-cart was a man with a pair of wooden buckets slung one to each end of a bamboo pole across his shoulders, a slight aperture where the bottom joined the side

allowing the water to splash out while he gently ran and sang. Sweetmeats could be purchased from another coolie, whose pole-suspended a deep lacquer box as brilliant as vermilion. Sounds of smothered entreasy drew near, and a heavily-laden cart lumbered up, drawn by two men and pushed by two more, who were chanting a quaint sad refrain that seemed to express the weariness of life. A policeman, in dark frock-coat and white trousers, loitered in the shade; soldiers went past in the baggy trousers of Zouaves, and sailors in the garb of the British navy.

We strolled through the crowd of gay, lazy, curious folk, full of good nature and politeness; then drove along the bluffs and out among the rice-fields. The carriage—little bigger than a child's perambulator, and of the same shape—was almost too large for the mud causeways that led through the farmer's lands. Here and there a light brown house, here and there a village of them. The sun set as we toiled up the last hill. Then, at the summit, the paper lanterns were lighted, and we dashed down the steepest of lanes among a multitude of other lanterns, brilliant and restless as fire-flies, and past rows of quaint interiors apparently illuminated, shops and family parties, artisans at their trade and students at their books, some men writing accounts and others tramping oil and flour, down this interminable lane and past the railway station, with cabs drawn up in front.

We drove one morning to the station. It was not in a cab exactly, but in a "man-power carriage," the perambulator already mentioned, and known as *jinrikisha*, with hood and apron of oiled paper, and a man to run between the shafts at six miles an hour, for twopence a mile. This man-power wears a solitary garment, which, as he warms to his work, is hitched up, tuck after tuck, like reefs in a sail, until presently he is running under bare poles. If he is tattooed he is an art exhibition, and by judicious change a new picture may be studied every day. There are fifty thousand of these vehicles in the large cities of Japan, rushing about in all directions, swift, cheap, and convenient. We took tickets for Tokio,

more familiar by our old name of Yeddo—tickets that were printed in English and French, as well as Japanese. They were taken at the orthodox ticket-window, and nipped by the inevitable porter. As the luggage was checked we had leisure to look round the waiting-room. One corner was sacred to the book-stall, with its newspapers, cheap books, and time-tables, the latter either with a map or on a fan. There were also the odds and ends of things that belong to this institution in other parts of the world, and a pile of little cushions, from which a third-class passenger could hire one for a trifle, and return it at the station where he stopped.

A narrow plain lies between the hills and the sea, and the train runs here through a land as well tilled, free from weeds, and neatly kept as any garden. The small fields are divided only by narrow footways, and the farmers and their men were busy all the way. Some were drawing water by a bucket suspended from a bamboo cross-pole, others were working an irrigating-wheel, a rude thatched platform rose above the cucumber plots—the Syrian watchman's "lodge in the garden of cucumbers." The guards were dressed in the familiar habit; the names of the stations were printed in English and Japanese. The villages lay thickly round in circular patches, the dark roofs contrasting with the pleasant shelter of the trees, and a temple rising up in each, the one house better and higher than the rest.

Close to the suburbs of Tokio we come upon the Tokaido, the great thoroughfare that for centuries has connected the eastern and western capitals. The sea stretched to the right, and the boats with their heavy sails lay becalmed in the soft Autumn haze; to the left ran old Japan, this street of shops and tea-houses and ceaseless traffic, that has, perhaps, no rival in the world so picturesque.

Friends met us at the station; man-power coolies drew lots for our persons, and in half an hour we were sitting in the room of a former daimio's home, in the native quarter of the modern capital of Japan, and with a missionary for our host. The house was surrounded by a trim grass lawn, crossed at

more than one point by large stepping-stones that connected the walks and kept the feet dry. Big, vulgar, impudent crows pushed about here with a perpetual caw-caw that was dictatorial. A small basin of rock-work, where a few pretty ferns hung over the water, was filled with gold-fish; and the rock-work, the fish, and some attempt at green, or perhaps a grotesque and twisted root or two or a dwarfed tree, are a universal arrangement for the house-yard; a walk along any street will reveal a hundred such interiors, sometimes of the tiniest and poorest, but always neat and clean. Broad eaves projected round the house, and covered a wooden ledge that ran outside and made a passage to the rooms, which were formed at will by sliding panels of paper and bamboo, that could be pushed aside at any point; so that it was impossible to tell where one person might enter or another might emerge, or at what moment an inadvertent hand might reveal the strictest privacy. These frail and movable walls were hung with narrow scrolls, six or seven feet long, charmingly painted in faint colors, and varying in subject with the season of the year. The floor was formed of mats deftly woven of fine straw, and tightly stretched on frames about three inches thick, that fitted closely together, soft, pleasant, and spotless—for Japanese rooms are not to be entered with the reckless muddy boot of Britain, but in slippers or on stocking-soles, and as these mats are of a uniform length and breadth throughout the country (six feet by three) they serve as a convenient measure, and a house or a room is simply so many "mats."

The house was Japanese, and so were the neighbors, but European children played about the floors, and Christians met for prayer; yet down the steep hill to the left, and not far away, there were the superb mausoleums of the shoguns (known better as tycoons), the hereditary foes of Christianity, and the sound of temple bells and the chants of the priests were swept by the wind into our room. These contrasts were endless. The present shogun, and probably he will be the last, lives in a dignified banishment near his old feudal town; and there some years ago he became almost the patron of

a high school where the principal read the Bible with his students. Half a mile farther along the same ridge of hill that supports our host's house, there is the quiet residence of the president of the Board of Works, and while there one afternoon, as we spoke of the past and future of Japan, the steam hammer of the royal engineering works across the river beat time to our words. If we turned towards the city we passed through a lonely quarter where the dead walls faced the street, and where the great daimios had lived in state with crowds of their feudal soldiers. Ten years ago those streets had been crowded with men in brilliant armor, and pages in gay dresses, and equipages all lacquer and gold. Then the *samurai*, or men with two swords, might have disposed of any wandering foreigner; now we saw nothing worse than the quick, restless eye of some old warrior watching us through an embrasure. The *samurai* were driving man-power machines and grooming foreigners' horses; they were teaching schools, and doing clerks' work in public offices; but the swords had disappeared. They were not exactly proscribed, for that would have been an attack upon an ancient privilege; and though the military class is only one-fiftieth part of the population, yet as it ranks first, and represents education as well as war, it was imprudent to assail it. But sword-wearing was not adapted to a European dress, so that when the dress was copied swords were laid by; and the final blow was struck by a royal decree which permitted any one to wear two swords; and when the weapons had lost their exclusiveness, they rapidly found their way to the pawnbroker, the pawnbroker shipped them as curios to Europe, and the country became so bare of them that during the late insurrection they rose to a premium. So "the old order changeth, giving place to the new," and the two swords, and even the venerable *harikari* have given place to barracks and policemen, water rates, and gas.

In the open space close by the railway station there is a busy Japanese market, where bargains are made and dresses are worn as they were five hundred years ago. The Bridge of Nippon is almost as sacred as a

temple—a little bridge over a sluggish stream, but all distances in the empire are measured from it, and all government notices are posted up upon it; and this bridge is approached by a broad boulevard lined with houses of two stories, and lighted as if it were the Champs Elysées. It is useless to banish the foreigners to Concessions. The tides of life that rush through the crowded streets are Japanese; but they are tinged by foreign influences, and foreign dress is easily discovered among the mass of moving blue. It may be the trousers minus the coat, or the coat minus the trousers; it may be the soft felt hat or the laced boots; it may be a melancholy combination of these several parts after original designs by native artists, or a completely misfitting suit, even to the Albert chain, stiff collar, and short cane. It is rarely that this affectation is becoming. A young aid-de-camp, who was commissioned by the governor to show us the sights of Kioto, was as much at his ease as in his own more sensible costume; and among our fellow-travelers on board a steamer was one of the ambassadors to Europe, whose charming wife spoke pretty French, and dressed like a Parisienne, and was as graceful in this novel costume as need be, amusing herself when she went on shore by the indignation of the spectators, which they dared not express because she would know what they said. But these are exceptions, and there are shrewd counselors of the State who think that the young men of the town have gone too fast, and that there are graver dangers than a misfit.

We met a carriage driven rapidly down the broad road that leads by the castle; it was built in England, was quiet and luxurious, the coachman and footman wore English livery, and the occupant, dressed like an English gentleman, was one of the most powerful nobles in Japan. We glanced to the right and saw the far-reaching, mighty moat, winding like a broad river by our side, and covered with a glory of lotus flowers, from which rose up on the opposite bank a magnificent pile of masonry of huge stones, as well laid and with lines as sharply defined as if it had been an English pier, and above

this massive wall great grassy slopes until the summit was fifty or sixty feet above our heads; watch-towers, with multiplied angles and roof above roof, stood at the corners; and here, in a palace that covers a square mile with its buildings and parks, the shoguns had lived for centuries. The entrance is stately, and in keeping with the splendid strength of the design; and the grounds are charming, for, with one or two exceptions, such as the artificial cascade described by Baron Hübner, the landscape is allowed the broad freedom of an English park; but opposite the entrance there runs a line of slender posts, from each of which waves a foreign flag, and the embassies of Europe and America face the haughty places of Japan.

Each of the three great cities has its distinctive features; and in each of them the new life grows up beside the old. Tokio, as the modern capital, is the largest, and occupies the greatest space of any city in the world next to London; but the town proper does not cover one-sixth of the ground, and does not reckon more than eight hundred thousand people. Kioto, the more ancient capital, comes next, with about six hundred thousand people, and, like Tokio, with space for four times the number. The temple grounds in Tokio are as large as the proper town; but in Kioto, where there is a temple or shrine to every hundred people, the grounds are vastly larger. Osaka is given more to commerce than to priests—a strange Holland-suggesting city of one-story, wooden houses packed together in a circle, beyond which there is no waste of suburbs, but only the country with its fields, yet a city that harbors a population almost as large as Kioto, and with as many bridges as it has temples.* In Tokio the palace is more like a fortress; in Osaka it is a fortress; but in Kioto reverence for the mikado was considered a sufficient defense, and the palace grounds are merely surrounded with a wall for privacy. So late as 1871 Baron Hübner relates the stubborn refusal of the govern-

* In 1872 the population of Kioto was 567,334, with 3,514 Buddhist temples and 2,413 Shinto shrines; the population of Osaka was 530,885, with 1,251 bridges, 1,880 Buddhist temples, and 530 Shinto shrines.

ment to open these sealed doors even to one, who, like himself, was accorded the supreme favor of an audience with the emperor, and only equal stubbornness and shrewdness on his part overcame the difficulty; while entrance to the more private apartments was even then denied. In 1876 foreigners were permitted into the city during a national exhibition; hotels were opened, and most of the palace was made visible; but on the closing of the show the city was once more closed except to passports, and the palace was guarded as before. The courtesy of the governor, however, secured us the permission now, and the attendants freely opened all the rooms. The endless corridors, with rolls of Brussels carpet to be laid over the mats; the antechambers, with quaint paneled pictures; the audience-hall, with full-length oil paintings of the emperor and empress; the private rooms, some furnished in native and some in foreign fashion; the empress's boudoir, with its pictures of birds upon a gold ground; the bed-chamber, which seemed to be the center of the house, with neither door nor light save such as came from other rooms when the sliding panels were drawn, and which encouraged sleep by having a series of wall paintings each representing a tiger in some different attitude of springing on a victim; the dining-room, arranged for both native and foreign modes of eating; the quarters for servants and grooms of the chamber; the strange kitchen, with its rows of clumsy, circular fire-places; the garden, with its miniature lakes and bridges and distorted trees; the order of the stately ceremonies, and the places of the great nobles, were all shown with little more than an occasional scruple; but the power of the long seclusion was traceable in the mingled awe and curiosity of our attendants. The fortress at Osaka was also guarded, but it was more a military than a state seclusion. The moats of Tokio are here reproduced upon a smaller scale; but the curious inner walls zigzagged into infinite turns and pierced for arrow-rests, the gates of enormous strength, and the Cyclopean blocks of stone, sometimes forty feet by twenty, are characteristic of this ancient stronghold. A corporal in

modern uniform took us round, the sentries presented arms, and from the summit we overlooked the chimneys and spacious buildings of the mint and the town hall with its rows of stucco columns. The old order was changing. The ships were filled with goods from Manchester and New England, the click of sewing-machines fell upon the ear, English books stood upon the booksellers' shelves, English umbrellas shielded Japanese costumes from the rain. "Let us go into the country," we said, "and see Japan as it was."

Among the courtesies received at our embassy in Tokio not the least were the suggestions of what it was best to see, and what, with our limited time, it was needless to attempt. The ride to Nikko would have given the best impression of the country, and finding that impossible, we did as we were told, and chose the ride to Narra, with its temples and its great bronze Daibuts, or image of the sitting Buddha. Narra lies twenty-seven miles out of Kioto, and as we proposed going and returning the same day, we started early. Our hotel, which belonged to the Temple of Chionin, was formerly a residence for priests, and is on one side of the temple gate, a lofty but doorless gateway of reddish wood; and as these temples abound, the government does not scruple to appropriate them to hotels, barracks, hospitals, and other secular uses. The night before, as we sat in our room, and the Japanese waiters moved softly in and out, it was curious to feel that we were the only foreigners in the house, fifty miles away from the nearest open port, in a dense city of half a million of people whose language we did not understand; and that only eight years before, when Sir Harry Parkes and his suite left this very temple to be received by the mikado, a daring attempt was made to cut them down. There was no glass in our room, one side of which—the longer—was perfectly open, admitting both air and light under a deep fringe of bamboo thread that hung down for eighteen inches; while beyond it there was a small open court, and then another room, the bedrooms opening off a narrow wooden sidewalk, protected from the weather by projecting eaves. The

usual paper partitions divided the rooms, and paper screens, that slide past each other, served as doors. Under the bamboo fringe we saw, over the low roof next us, a steep mountain, wooded to the summit; and out of the dense and lovely foliage fragments of pagodas peeped, and the quaint, curved roofs of shrines. It was dusk, and the music struck up in a tea-house across the narrow roadway, a monotonous twang of strings and beating of drums, likely to continue for hours. Two men passed down the street from their work, singing exactly as if the one big baby had struck the other, and the other had begun to cry. A sweetmeat seller passed, beating on a little bell, his wares slung from one end of a bamboo cane across his shoulders, and from the other end a brilliant crimson lantern with white letters. The street was very quiet; but down the next there was a wonderful flickering and moving of gay paper lamps as far as the eye could see, almost every person carrying one, besides a string of them in front of the shops, and swaying in the gentle breeze. We could hear the hum from the theater street where plays are acted night and day; huge emblazoned banners rising higher than the houses, and seeming to fill up the passage, while the crowd swayed before each house of entertainment. Another sound came from close by—the deep tone of the temple gong calling the people to prayer.

It was little less curious the next morning, and long before it was day, to hurry through the silent streets, the brown houses all shut up and lying in dark shadows, fragile, and, indeed, rickety-looking now that the gayety of life had deserted them. A young student from the Christian College was our companion, and no one could have a more thoughtful or a better. As the journey was long we had engaged three coolies for each *jirikisha*; and these humble, but most comfortable, carriages had even the luxury of splash-boards. We crossed the long bridge at Fujimi half an hour before the dawn, and full twenty porters, their bundles slung from bamboos, stood to watch us pass. We had made the first seven miles in an hour, and let our thoughts wander to Xavier, who reached Fu-

jimi walking, with a wallet on his back, frozen feet, and a body covered with ulcers. As the light broadened we found all round us a sweep of lofty mountains, and from the woods that clothed them the smoke of charcoal-burning rose straight into the sky. The road was irregular, sometimes on the top of an embankment that divided the waters of a still lagoon, where tall white cranes and Japanese fishermen vied in their motionless watch; and sometimes between fields, or bounded by the curious glint of the bamboo groves that spread their feathery crowns fifty feet above our head. We ran for miles between tea plantations, and noted how the shrub took the place of the cabbage in the peasant's plot at home, and that it was not shy of even winding in and out between the open spaces of a village, and making the hedge round a villager's garden. Rice shared the culture with tea, and at some points the freshly picked cotton was spread upon a mat or a tray for sale. As the sun rose so did the people, and, like children of the sun, came out into the light. The paper screens disappeared, and the quaint, neat, modest interiors came into view. Women cooked the early meal, the father dandled the baby in front of the door and made him laugh to see the white-skinned strangers, and toilets went on without reserve. Endless shops revealed their wares, for in Japan every one has something to sell, yet so little that a pound would buy up a large establishment. There were pots and pans, vessels of wood, kerosene lamps, blouses and sandals, hats and umbrellas, books and stationery, and mysterious forms of cookery; while fox-like curs haunted the doorsteps.

Our men sped on with their ceaseless chant, steering carefully among the ruts in the sandy track, and when a plunge was made looking round with a merry smile. We crossed wooden bridges, and passed Shinto shrines with the priests' house beside them like a manse; we climbed low hills where the mosses and ferns were as vivid as at home; we ran by the bank of a rapid river, then disappeared among narrow paths through the weedless fields, wound in and out among the walls and houses of a village

as if we proposed to visit every family in turn, and without warning emerged on a country road as wide as one of our own. There were few birds and few flowers, and of the latter little more than some patches of chrysanthemums, the purple bell of the egg-plant, and coxcombs that stood six feet high, and were sometimes broad in proportion. We met perambulators packed with vegetables on their way to market, and men with the bamboo shoulder-pole, innumerable; one carried sixteen barrels, presumably empty, eight to each end; and another rose up from a well with seventeen small kegs of water; if one basket was full, a baby, an umbrella, or a hat was slung into the other. Messengers met us; a parcel-post swift as Mercury, and no better clothed; and porters pushed their loads; and farmers with broad hats pressed forward on business to the nearest town; bands of pilgrims clothed in white, long staff in hand and wearing huge rosaries and scallop-shell, with usually one that had a bell about his neck to keep the rest from straying, would stop as we went by. Every one was good-humored, and every one said, "Good morning" ("Ohaio"); and the boys returning from school courtesied low as they did this pretty piece of manners. Only the yellow-robed priests, with shaven crowns and sly small eyes, looked at us askance, as if some evil speech was in their heads.

All the way it seemed as if every one was bent on doing the opposite of what we do at home. The cows had bells on their tails instead of their necks; the horses are clothed in Winter, the men naked; the draught bullocks wear straw shoes, carry an extra pair, and leave the worn ones untidily about the streets; the horse stands in his stable with his head from the stall, and when he is brought out the rider mounts him from the right; when acquaintances meet each tenderly shakes his own hand; people write down the page, and then kneel at dinner; the tailor sews from him, the carpenter planes to him; the teeth of the saw and the thread of the screw run in the opposite direction to ours, and their locks turn to the left; the blacksmith pulls the bellows with his

foot, the cooper holds the tub with his toes; house contractors begin to build from the roof; gardens are watered from a little pail with a wooden spoon; it is not the nightingale, but the crow, that is their bird of love; the lamb is an emblem of stupidity; suicide is a pleasure which has to be prevented by royal decree; and it is a compliment to be called a goose.

We made four halts; at the second our passports were inspected; the others were merely for rest at some tea-house of the village, for tea is an institution of the country; there can be no visit paid nor purchase made at a shop without it. The tiny cups with the almost colorless but insidious liquid, and a flavor like boiling water poured on hay, as Mrs. Brassey says, is *de rigueur*. A cabinet minister will brew it himself for a visitor from abroad, and every country inn has a bevy of maidens waiting to press it on the traveler. It is probable that our men found stronger reasons than tea for halting when they could, for, as a rule, the life of the coolie is a short one, and his sudden heats and chills and exposure to all weathers induce him to consume an ardent native spirit that is common enough, and as fatal as elsewhere. There are Japanese drunkards as well as European, but outside the treaty ports the European public-house is almost unknown. At such resting places we usually left our small carriages and walked slowly forward. As we passed an excellent school building of the modern type, the temptation to see a foreign lady was irresistible, and a hundred merry lads broke out through the door, while the lessened chant of the learners inside streamed through the open windows. A hundred chubby faces were soon inserted through the railings, a hundred voices cried "Ohaio," and a hundred heads would have nodded a courteous welcome but that one got wedged between the bars and could move neither way, to the discomfiture of that small lad and the most scandalous delight of his companions. As we walked through these country towns every body came to the door, and then a sound of muffled voices and whispers, and many pattens rose up behind; and as we

turned to see we faced a crowd of blue dresses that filled up the street with color, the children and the women pressing near the front, but all rushing back with a huge clatter and with peals of laughter when they were noticed. It was with difficulty we could induce them to approach, but some of Marcus Ward's charming cards completely conquered them. The Bible verses on them were explained; and the happy owners of these trophies withdrew with endless courtesies, and each attended by a little admiring crowd, to place their treasures in safe keeping.

We crossed a broad river by a long, low bridge, the views up among the mountains suggesting more than one in Wales. We wound up a hill, passed some well kept family burying-grounds with ancient inscriptions on the tombs; from the summit, which was already a street, we looked down upon the scattered holy city placed among wooded hills and pleasant parks, itself embowered in trees, from which a rare pagoda shot up into the sky; then, with a whoop and a bound, the men swung us down at a gallop, never drawing breath till they reached the gate of the great temple of Daibuts.

A WORSHIPER OF NATURE.

IN an old-fashioned house, still standing in the town of Concord, Massachusetts, on the 12th day of July, 1817, was born, and there he passed his early years, one who became the incomparable describer of the beauties of nature, and the revealer of her secrets, HENRY D. THOREAU. The name is manifestly French.

His grandfather, by his father's side, emigrated to this country from the Isle of Guernsey shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War, and for a time lived in Boston, where he married a Scotch woman named Jeannie Burns. Both of the parents of our subject were born and reared in the State of Massachusetts. His own early life was uneventful and unmarked by any manifestation of special talent or display of genius. He drove his father's cows to pasture barefoot like other country lads, ransacked the woods for nuts and berries, or busied himself, when not attending school, with the usual tasks allotted to the younger members of a New England household. He was known among the boys of his age as one who feared no exposure and was not easily tired in their long rambles through field and forest.

Yet even then he was possessed of a keen appreciation and enjoyment of nature rarely manifested by those of riper years. In his journal in after years, alluding to his thoughts and feelings at this period of his

life he says, "Methought nature developed as I developed and grew up with me. My life was ecstasy. In youth, before I lost any of my senses, I can remember that I was all alive and inhabited my body with inexpressible satisfaction. This earth was the most glorious musical instrument, and I was audience to its strains. To have such sweet impressions made on us, such ecstasies begotten of the breezes, I remember I was astonished."

In 1833, at the age of sixteen, he entered Harvard College; but even at that early age his independent mind rebelled against the monotonous routine prescribed by the ordinary college curriculum, and he devoted a large share of his time while at Harvard to studies more congenial to his taste, giving special attention to the English poets of the pre-Shakespearean age. His love of nature became more marked as his years increased; and while in these classic halls the sights and sounds of nature had for him far greater attractions than Greek paradigms or mathematical calculations. Referring to his life at college in a letter written in later years he says: "I used to hear only the sigh of the wind in the woods of Concord when I was striving to give my attention to a page of Calculus."

While attending college his inclination to a solitary life began to manifest itself. He

made few friends among his fellow students, finding in his chosen studies and in silent solitary communion with nature better companionship and joy than in merely human fellowship. He graduated in 1837 without literary distinction, and gave apparently but little promise of future notoriety. His strong individuality and the innate wildness that was in him combined to unfit him for the enjoyment of scholastic life, and he gave but little thanks to colleges for services rendered to him and held them ever after in light esteem, though he doubtless owed to his collegiate training and discipline more than he was willing to concede.

After leaving Harvard he and his brother John kept a private school in Concord for a year or two. It proved to him an uncongenial task and he soon renounced it, saying naively concerning himself, "As I did not teach for the good of my fellow-men, but simply for a livelihood, it was a failure."

For some time after this he worked with his father, who was a manufacturer of lead pencils. While thus engaged he became convinced that he could make as good pencils as those imported from foreign markets. After many experiments he succeeded, and having received certificates from the chemists and artists of Boston to the excellence of his work, and to its equality with the best London manufacture, his friends congratulated him that his way to wealth was now open. But he replied that he should never make another pencil. "Why should I?" said he; "I would not do again what I have done once."

In one of his essays written while at Walden he doubtless refers to this period of his life when he says, "I have tried trade; but I found it would take me ten years to get under way in that, and that then I would probably be on my way to the devil." After relinquishing his work in the pencil manufactory he pursued for some time a desultory mode of life, taking frequent rambles through the woods of his native town, rowing along its shady streams or exploring the hidden recesses of its numerous swamps. During these rambles nothing escaped his notice. Every form of life, whether veg-

etable or animal, was carefully observed. Every phenomenon was carefully noted, till he became thoroughly conversant with all the varied moods and aspects nature had to present. In the intervals of his rambles he busied himself with miscellaneous studies, never wasting his days in idleness, for no man was more economical of time than he, and to none was an idler or a lounge more detestable.

During this time he gradually drifted into the profession of a land surveyor. His many rambles had made him more familiar with the fields and forests through which he walked than were those who owned them. In addition to this he possessed a natural skill for mensuration growing out of his mathematical knowledge and his habit of ascertaining the measures and distances of objects which interested him. His accuracy and skill in his work were readily appreciated, and he found in this occupation all the employment he wanted. It was the more congenial to his tastes and habits as it led him into new and secluded grounds and helped him in his study of nature. He did not enter upon this profession as the regular business of his life, but simply as a method of securing a livelihood, and only worked at it a sufficient number of days to obtain the means to supply his few and inexpensive wants, devoting the rest of his time to his chosen studies and to solitary wanderings through forests and swamps.

But this man, living seemingly such an aimless life, had a purpose, which had gradually grown upon him from the days of his youth, until it had become an all-absorbing passion, and to which he devoted his life with all the ardor of an enthusiast. This purpose was "to anticipate, not the sunrise and the dawn merely, but, if possible, nature herself." In his "Walden" he writes, "How many mornings, Summer and Winter, before yet any neighbor was stirring about his business, have I been about mine! For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow-storms and rain storms, and did my duty faithfully; surveyor, if not of highways, then of forest paths and all across-lot routes, keeping them open, and ravines

bridged and passable at all seasons, where the public heel had testified their utility. So many Autumn, aye, and Winter, days spent outside the town, trying to hear what was in the wind and carry it express! At other times watching from the observatory of some cliff or tree to telegraph any new arrival; or waiting at evening on the hill-top for the sky to fall, that I might catch something, though I never caught much, and that, manna-wise, would dissolve again in the sun. I have looked after the wild stock of the town, which give a faithful herdsman a good deal of trouble by leaping fences. I have watered the red huckleberry, the sand cherry and the nettle tree, the red pine and the black ash, the white grape and the yellow violet, which might have withered in dry seasons else."

From these statements we learn that he took all nature for his province. The diverse forms and phases of animal and vegetable life, the various phenomena of earth and air and sky became the objects of his attention and careful study. He resolved to familiarize himself with all the manifestations of nature. With this intent he rose before the dawn that he might catch a glimpse of the opaline tints of the early morning. He regularly spent a part of every day exploring field and forest in search of rare plants, listening to the songs and noting the habits of the birds, watching the unfolding of the flowers and becoming conversant with the haunts and habits of animals, his "wild stock of the woods." He delighted to stroll out in the purple shadows of the dusky eventide and to ramble in the moonlight over lonely pastures where the cattle were silently feeding, and to wander in the wild woodland studying the weird effect of the milder light in the dim aisles of the forest and becoming conversant with the birds, animals, and insects which were too timid or unfitted to expose themselves to the garish light of day.

Thoreau possessed a natural aptitude for the work to which he devoted himself which but few can ever attain even after long and careful cultivation of the perceptive faculties. He saw peculiarities which no one

else discerned. He could easily discriminate between the most delicate hues. To him the world was one vast opaline gem. He saw the seasons and landscapes through their colors. The fields and woods and mountains spoke to him in varied hues and ethereal tints which impressed him with sentiments of delight. He heard as with an ear-trumpet. All nature was his orchestra. His concert was the murmur of the breeze, the babbling of the brook, the hum of the insects, the shrill mellow peeping of the hyla in the ponds, and the songs and cries of the birds in the wild woods. He writes his own experience when he says, "Sugar is not as sweet to the palate as sound to the healthy ear." His habit of constantly observing the minutest manifestations of nature intensified the natural keenness of his perceptive faculties to a remarkable degree, thus opening exquisite touches of creation to his insight. His increased appreciation of these hidden sources of beauty is most fitly expressed in the following lines from his pen

"I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before.
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore."

His numerous rambles through the woods and swamps of his vicinity had made him familiar with all their botanical treasures. In his diary he kept a record of all the flowering wild plants and the date when they came into bloom; and so perfect was his knowledge of the flora of New England that he often said that, if waked from a trance in one of his favorite swamps, he could tell by the plants what time of the year it was within two days.

He was on equally intimate terms with the living creatures in forest and stream. He seemed to draw his brute friends toward him as if by some secret magic attraction. Emerson, who was one of his most intimate friends, and who often accompanied him on his rambles, says of this strange faculty which he possessed, "He knew how to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back and

resume its habits, nay, moved by curiosity should come to him and watch him. His intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler the apiologist, that 'either he had told the bees things, or the bees had told him.' Snakes coiled round his leg, the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters." Hawthorne, who was also one of his intimate friends, says in his note-book that his first hint of Donatello, in "The Marble Faun," was derived from these attractions and half-animal instincts of Thoreau.

His love for, and sympathy with, nature extended even to the very ground beneath his feet. Recording his feelings during one of his walks, he says: "I felt as if I could eat the very crust of the earth. I never felt so terrene, never sympathized so with the surface of the earth."

Not only did he seek to become conversant with all the phenomena of nature, but he also determined to describe them in a manner worthy of so great a subject. He felt that it was henceforth his vocation to be the scribe of all nature. He realized the greatness of his undertaking, and labored long and patiently to qualify himself for his calling. He found it no easy task to describe in a vivid yet simple manner the many things which he saw in nature's wide domain, and his thoughts concerning them. His views of the effort required to be put forth in order to excel in the writer's art are expressed in the following sentences: "No exercise implies more manhood and vigor than joining thought to thought. How few men can tell what they have thought! There is no more Herculean task than to think a thought and then get it expressed. I hardly know half a dozen men who are not too lazy for this. What we do best or most perfectly is what we most thoroughly learned by the longest practice." The methods by which he acquired his masterly skill in writing and describing are embodied in the following suggestions: "Whatever wit has been produced on the spur of the moment will bear

to be reconsidered and reformed with phlegm. The arrow had best not be loosely shot. The most transient and passing remark must be reconsidered by the writer, made sure and warranted as if the earth had rested on its axle to back it, and all the natural forces lay behind it. The writer must direct his sentences as carefully as the marksman his rifle, who shoots sitting and with a rest, with patient sights and conical ball besides. If you foresee that a part of your essay will topple down after the lapse of time, throw it down yourself."

These sturdy maxims he unflinchingly applied to himself in the preparation of his works, so that his fineness of perceiving was only equaled by his exquisite skill in describing what he saw. His sentences are concentrated and nutty—sentences which suggest far more than they say, which do not report an old, but make a new impression. They are made up of strong, terse, Saxon words, put together so deftly that each sentence seems a string of pearls. His style throughout his works is easy and graceful, yet vigorous; growing out of choice reading and familiarity with classic writers, abounding in rare touches of piquant humor and sparkling wit, all expressed with the utmost felicity of diction.

In 1839, in company with his brother John, who sympathized with his tastes and pursuits, Thoreau set out on the first of those memorable excursions which his sprightly pen has embalmed in picturesque description. These excursions were undertaken to satisfy his craving for a wild life, in which he might free himself from the restraints and requirements of society, and also to obtain a knowledge of the primitive forests in their unkempt wildness, where the effects of civilization and cultivation were unfelt and unknown. He thus studied nature in her wildest, sternest aspects, and his writings record the results of actual personal observations.

This first excursion which made a lasting impression upon his mind, and determined, in a great degree, his future life, was a trip on the Concord and Merrimac rivers in the month of September, in a boat which he and

his brother built with their own hands, including also a short ramble among the White Mountains. What he saw and learned on this expedition, though carefully noted down in his diary during the progress of his journey, was not published till 1849, ten years after the excursion had taken place.

This was his first literary venture in book form, and was entitled "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." He had in the mean time contributed a number of fugitive pieces and a few poems to the periodicals of the day; but the greater portion of his leisure hours was devoted to the careful preparation of the "Week," in order to make it correspond with his high ideal of literary excellence. But when this unrivaled New England pastoral was published, so little favor did it meet with that only about three hundred of the one thousand copies issued from the press were sold or given away, and the other seven hundred were returned to Thoreau by his publisher.

In his diary, at that date, he wrote with a grim humor, "I have now a library of some nine hundred volumes, seven hundred of which I wrote myself." He was not at all discouraged or moved from his purpose by the ill reception his book received from the public, but worked on in his chosen field with as much industry and enthusiasm as ever, although it cost him the labor of several years to defray the expenses thus incurred. This literary mishap had, in fact, an exhilarating effect on him. He says concerning it, "I believe that this result is more inspiring and better for me than if a thousand had bought my wares. It affects my privacy less and leaves me freer." The little regard which men paid to his works and the little sympathy with which they looked upon his pursuits only led him to devote himself more exclusively and continuously than ever to communion with nature.

The most remarkable episode in his career was his retirement to Walden Pond, on whose woody shores he built a small frame house, in which he lived for about two years. He performed all the labor himself, being possessed of considerable mechanical skill. He began to build his cottage in March, 1845,

and, not without significance, he took formal possession of it on the fourth of July following. In his "Walden," the greater part of which was written while living in the woods, he thus describes his rustic home and its environments: "I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord, and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln, and about two miles south of that, our only field known to fame, Concord battle-ground. I had here a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight feet post, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap-doors, one door at the end, and a brick fire-place opposite. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean, airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew; so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. This frame, so slightly clad, was a sort of a crystallization around me, and reacted on the builder. It was suggestive somewhat as a picture in outlines. I did not need to go out-doors to take the air, for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness. It was not so much within doors as behind a door I sat, even in the rainiest weather. My house was situated on the side of a hill, immediately on the edge of the larger wood, in the midst of a young forest of pitch-pines and hickories, and half a dozen rods from the pond, to which a narrow foot-path led down the hill. In my front yard grew the strawberry, blackberry, and life-everlasting, johns-wort and golden-rod, shrub oaks and sand cherry, blue-berry and ground-nut. Near the end of May the sand cherry adorned the sides of the path with its delicate flowers arranged in umbels cylindrically about its short stems, which last, in the Fall, weighed down with good-sized and handsome cherries, fell over in wreaths like rays on every side. The sumach grew luxuriantly about the house, pushing up through the embankment which I had made, and growing five or six feet the first season. Its broad, pinnate, tropical leaf was pleasant though strange to look on,

The large buds, suddenly pushing out late in the Spring from dry sticks which had seemed to be dead, developed themselves as by magic into graceful green and tender boughs an inch in diameter. In August the large masses of berries, which, when in flower, had attracted many wild bees, gradually assumed their bright velvety crimson hue, and by their weight bent down and broke the tender limbs."

He always preferred wild flowers and plants to the cultivated varieties; and these wild shrubs and plants, with their flowers and fruits, which grew around his habitation in such profusion, gave him greater pleasure than he would have received from the rarest exotics. The furniture of his house was of the plainest sort, and most of it was of his own making. His food consisted of bread, which he made of a mixture of rye and Indian meal, and baked on the coals in his fire-place, fish from the pond, vegetables from his garden, and berries and nuts from the woods. Amidst such sylvan scenes and with primitive simplicity he lived in his rustic home, secluded from human society, it is true, but thus brought into closer and more intimate companionship with nature. He was soon on the most intimate terms with the inhabitants of the forest. Robins built their nests on the trees nearest his house, and phœbes made their home in his shed. The wild partridge with her brood came and fed quietly beneath his window as he sat and looked at them. The mice would come and playfully eat out of his fingers, and the very mole paid him friendly visits; the red squirrels gamboled over his roof and the rabbits came round his door at dusk to nibble the potato parings which he had thrown out, and one of them had its form under his house all Winter.

His retirement to Walden was not the result of a sudden freak of his innate wildness, neither was it a display of a sentimental affectation of solitude; but it was determined upon only after mature consideration, and for a specified purpose. In writing concerning this event of his life he says: "My purpose in going to Walden was not to live cheaply or dearly there, but to

transact some private business with the fewest obstacles. I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life; to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close; to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms; and, if it proved to be mean, why, then, to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or, if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion."

There is surely no sickly sentimentalism nor morbid weariness of society and life found in this declaration; but it expresses rather a sturdy resolve to solve the problem of life by eliminating all artificial factors and combining the remaining natural quantities, and thus obtain an expression of the ultimate facts of life. It seemed to him that life in civilized society had assumed too complex a form; and that to secure what are now considered the requisites for social respectability required so much labor and care that men had no leisure to grow wise. He wished to divest life of its superfluities, inasmuch as he believed that most of the luxuries and many of the so-called comforts of life are not only not indispensable, but positive hinderances to the elevation of mankind. He was led to this conclusion from the fact that the wisest of mankind have always lived a more simple and meagre life than the poor. His theory was, that the special evils induced by civilization could be cured by a general or even an extensive return to simplicity of life and habit, and that to maintain one's self on the earth is not a hardship but a pastime if we will only live simply and wisely. To live only in order to get a living or earn money he considered a desecration of life.

In his essay on "Life without Principle,"

he says: "There is no more fatal blunderer than he who consumes the greater part of his life in getting a living. To have done any thing by which you have earned money *merely* is to have been truly idle or worse." He determined to use his life in order to learn how to live in the true sense of that term; to be rich by having few wants and supplying them himself; not indulging in costly pleasures or amusements, but to derive his satisfaction and inspiration from the commonest events and phenomena of everyday life. His retirement to Walden was not so much a seeking for solitude as a protest against the artificialities of modern civilization and a personal test of his theory of life. His life while in the woods was not that of a hermit or recluse. He often spent a part of the day with his friends in Concord, and occasionally devoted an evening to social converse in their parlors, or accompanied them to the lyceum, but always returned to his forest home to pass the night. His friends were ever welcome at his humble retreat, and he had no lack of company. He says that he had more visitors while he lived in the woods than at any other period of his life. Very diverse in kind was the company he entertained; men of culture and refinement, paupers from the almshouse, runaway slaves, whom he helped on their way to freedom, wood-choppers, hunters, fishermen, boys and girls in search of berries, and curious travelers who came out of their way to see him and his house. So numerous were these pilgrims to his shrine that one of them proposed to Thoreau that he should keep a book in which his visitors might register their names. But he naively remarked that he had too good a memory to make that necessary.

While living at Walden he continued his early habit of going abroad a portion of each day to fields or woods or river. His rambles, however, were not idle saunterings, but the most studious hours of his life, and were devoted to careful observation of every thing that nature presented to his view, and to thoughtful consideration of the various theories and problems with which he was concerned. The length of his walk determined

the amount of his writing; and if any thing occurred to hinder his taking his accustomed walk each day, he did not write at all. The time not consumed by work and walks was industriously used in study. Homer and Virgil were his constant companions. He also bestowed considerable attention on Oriental literature, especially the philosophy and poetry of India. He familiarized himself with the works of Goethe, Richter, Dante, Carlyle, De Quincey, and also re-read Shakespeare and the early English poets. His volume entitled "Walden" was also mostly written in this quiet retreat, though not published till 1854.

His life in the woods was not a period of idle, solitary seclusion, but a season of busy industry. During his sojourn at Walden in 1846 Thoreau made his first excursion to the extensive forests that occupy the entire northern part of the State of Maine. He was so enchanted by the wildness and beauty of the scenery and with the many objects of interest presented to his view, that he made two other journeys to different parts of the same region in order to explore more fully the hidden recesses of those trackless wilds. The records of these excursions were first published in separate articles in different magazines, but were afterwards collected together and published under the title of "The Maine Woods." His description of this primitive wilderness is permeated by the very spirit of the forest.

The following pen-picture of the wild beauty displayed in those remote regions has rarely been equaled: "It is a country full of evergreen trees, of mossy, silver birches and watery maples, the ground dotted with insipid, small red berries, and strewn with damp and moss-grown rocks, a country diversified with innumerable lakes and rapid streams, peopled with trout and various species of *lencisci*, with salmon, shad, and pickerel, and other fishes; the forests resounding at rare intervals with the note of the chickadee, the blue jay, and the woodpecker, the scream of the fish-hawk and the eagle, the laugh of the loon and the whistle of ducks along the solitary stream; at night, with the hootings of owls and howling of wolves;

in Summer, swarming with myriads of black flies and mosquitoes, more formidable than wolves to the white man. Such is the home of the moose, the bear, the caribou, the wolf, the beaver, and the Indian. Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest where nature, though it be midwinter, is ever in her Spring, where the moss-growing and decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds and trickling rills? The lakes are something you are unprepared for; they lie up so high, exposed to the light, and the forest is diminished to a fine fringe on their edges, with here and there a blue mountain, like amethyst jewels set around some jewel of the first water—so anterior, so superior to all the changes that are to take place on their shores, even now civil and refined, and as fair as they can ever be. These are not the artificial forests of an English king, a royal preserve merely. Here prevails no forest laws but those of nature. The aborigines have never been dispossessed nor nature disforested."

Mountain peaks and ranges had an especial attraction for Thoreau. Every one that came within the range of his rambles was eagerly ascended and carefully explored. Monadnock, Katahdin, Kineo, Watatic, Wachusett, and the Saddle Back and White Mountains and many others were the scenes of repeated visits. He set out on these excursions with feelings akin to those of a devotee on his way to the shrine of his divinity. He said that he felt the same awe when on the summit of a mountain that many experience on entering a church; and that when, in the early morning, he saw them reeking with mist, they seemed to him like sacred altars from which was ascending the smoke of burning sacrifices. He was wont to descend from these sanctuaries of solitude with feelings akin to religious sentiment. On his return from one of his visits to Wachusett he writes: "And now that we have returned to the desultory life of the plain let us endeavor to impart a little of that

mountain grandeur into it. We will remember within what walls we lie, and understand that this level life, too, has its summit, and why from the mountain-top the deepest valleys have a tinge of blue; that there is elevation in every hour, as no part of the earth is so low that the heavens may not be seen from, and we have only to stand on the summit of our hour to command an uninterrupted horizon." He had made extensive notes during his various tours among the mountains, with the intention of writing a volume concerning them, had his life been prolonged.

Not only did the wildness and grandeur of nature have great attractions for Thoreau, but he was also equally susceptible to the charms of her tamer, yet not less lovely scenery, as the following prose poem descriptive of a Winter scene, will fully prove. "Did you ever admire the steady, silent, windless fall of the snow in some lead-colored sky, silent, save the little ticking of the flakes as they touched the twigs? It is chased silver, molded over the pines and oak leaves. Soft shades hang like curtains along the closely draped wood-paths. Frozen apples become little cider vats. The old, crooked apple-trees frozen stiff in the pale, shivering sunlight, that appears to be dying with consumption, gleam forth like the heroes of one of Dante's cold hells. The snow crunches under the feet; the chopper's ax rings funereally through the tragic air. At early morn the frost on button bushes and willows was silvery, and every stem and minutest twig and filamentary weed came up a silver thing, while the cottage smoke rose salmon-colored into that oblique day. At the base of ditches were shooting crystals, like the blades of an ivory-handled penknife, and rosettes and favors fretted of silver on the flat ice. The little cascades in the brook were ornamented with transparent shields, and long candelabums and spermaceti-colored fool's-caps and plaited jellies and white globes, with the black water whirling along transparently underneath. The sun comes out, and all at a glance rubies, sapphires, diamonds, and emeralds start into life on the angles of the snow crystals."

Not only do his writings abound in such felicitous descriptions of natural scenery, but they are also full of wise sayings and quaint utterances which are sermons in themselves, and are expressed with simplicity and elegance. His essays and lectures, for the most part on common topics, are masterful creations of their kind, and present a marvelous combination of fancy, wit, and wisdom. Of all his works "Walden" affords the best insight into his character and his philosophy of life. His "Week," "Maine Woods," and "Excursions" are mainly devoted to the description of what he saw in his numerous rambles and excursions in the domain of nature. Every one who desires to appreciate thoroughly the beauties of nature should not only read but study them.

As a describer of nature Thoreau had few equals and no superiors. He does not seek to make an impression by means of sentimental rhapsodies and rhetorical periods, but renders such a faithful yet elegant delineation of even the commonest objects or scenes, that they seem to acquire new attractions under his treatment. The most ordinary facts and occurrences are set forth in dainty expression and with a choice selection of words. His keen insight into, and his close and continued attention to, all natural phenomena qualified him to be pre-eminently the seer of nature, and to the faithful performance of the duties of this office he consecrated his life. His attachment to nature was so strong and his love for her so deep and permanent that he never sought another bride.

In his "Cape Cod" he has given a pleasant sketch of his walks along the beech, endowing the barren sandy shore with a lively interest by means of his fertile resources. His "Yankee in Canada" combines in one volume the description of a trip which he and a few friends made to the Canadian Provinces and a number of his latest essays, two of which are of rare excellence, namely, "Life without Principle" and "Civil Disobedience." His "Letters," published after his death, are of little interest, as they are mostly but brief notes on ordinary matters,

and in no wise portray what manner of man he was. His poems, with a few exceptions, such as the one on Smoke and the Poet's Delay, are crude and defective.

In his character Thoreau partook of the national characteristics of both his ancestors, combining the rugged sternness of the Scotch with the quickness and versatility of the French. His eccentricities were strongly marked, and have attracted more than their share of attention. His solitary habits and stocial indifference, his brusqueness and severity of speech, were but the rough rind of a royal soul. Sincerity, sobriety, and self-respect were prominent traits of his character. He looked with lofty scorn on any thing mean or paltry and had an utter detestation of all falsehood and hypocrisy. His love of nature and of solitude did not cause him to be indifferent to the welfare of humanity. He took an active part in the antislavery movement, and no one was more willing to help a fugitive slave on his way to freedom. He was the first to speak in public words of sympathy and commiseration for John Brown after his ill-starred attempt at Harper's Ferry. The late war weighed heavily on his spirits, and he was accustomed to say during his last illness that he could never get well while the war lasted.

In philosophy he was a transcendentalist, in religion a pantheist. And, though he sometimes, especially in his earlier writings, spoke petulantly of Churches and Churchmen, he had an abiding reverence for what he esteemed the absolute religion. But his pantheistic worship at the shrine of nature failed to satisfy his religious sensibilities, and left a vague craving in his heart, which he expresses under the following quaint conceit, "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks, and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramping of the horse and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."

In the following lines he expresses in plainest terms his sadness of spirit, and deplores the meagreness of his inner life:

"Amidst such boundless wealth without
I only still am poor within,
The birds have sung their Summer out,
But still my Spring does not begin."

In November, 1860, he took a severe cold, which resulted in pulmonary consumption. He bore his sufferings with patience and heroic firmness, working steadily at the

completion of his papers as long as he could hold a pencil in his hand. On May 6, 1862, he closed his earthly career, and the world, that had given him such delight, faded forever from his vision. His remains were laid to rest under one of his beloved pines in Concord burying ground, and the children and young people of his native village strewed his coffin and his grave with evergreen twigs and with the wild flowers which he loved so well.

THE HEBREW CRAFTSMAN.

IT is a thrice-told tale of the Florentine monk of San Marco, distinctively called the angel-painter, that within his quiet convent cell, ere he traced the outlines of saint and virgin, or tinted with fair colors the golden-haired cherubim, he habitually knelt and prayed. He suspended work till on the bright-winged forms there fell heaven's light, and through his hand was felt the touch of him who first created beauty and called it very good.

Our work and our surroundings are far removed from those of the old Tuscan monastery; but surely the sentiment which lay at the root of that oft-repeated act of devotion is known to us all—the longing for some connecting link which shall bind our earthly work to the heaven which is above us, our earthly life to the heaven which is beyond us, our fleeting joys and passing interests to that which shall abide.

To most of us the fact is an accepted one, that the world of nature is God's world; that his hand has given color to the flowers of the field and brilliance to the lamps of heaven, and that still in the morning and evening calm his voice is heard "amongst the trees of the garden." But in the busy industries, in the resorts and results of patient toil and thought, do we hear an equally divine voice and see a divine touch? Rather does not the world of business, whether of head or hands, seem more of *man's* world, a revelation only of human power and genius? And

so the sanctity passes from common life, and, recognizing divine direction in fading leaves and springing corn, we fail to find it within and about us in the factory or the studio, at the desk or the carpenter's bench; there God becomes distant from our work, and he who places us amidst material things and gives us power to mold them to the highest forms and truest uses, is found alone in those avocations which are directly spiritual.

It was far different in the days of Bezaleel. In that primitive old-world era in which he lived, he wrought out with might brightest fancies in the sculptor's art and carpenter's craft. But the power which molded the angelic forms or dyed in beauteous colors the priestly robe, was recognized, not as a human attribute, but a divine inspiration. Whether he made the Shittim-wood pillars or formed the buds and blossoms of the golden candlestick, he felt not only that he worked for God, but that God worked in him.

Is it not the sense of the same indwelling divinity that still touches our hearts with awe and reverence, as we look at times on forms of loveliness which human hands have chiseled and colored—hushing the spectator into silence, as though standing within a temple of worship, and causing him to feel that truth and beauty, howsoever expressed, are an inspiration of heaven?

Nay, further, whether our tasks be small and slight, commonplace or monotonous, may we not recognize, in the power which

fits us to fulfill them, the same which, in the days of Bezaleel, quickened and stimulated alike the humblest craft and the highest art, touching them with a divine significance, and raising them to a holy service?

Is it not to be confessed that too frequently our appointed daily occupation is distant from God, and a chill falls on the prosecution of work and toil which seem to have so little affinity with the great hereafter? We desire some assurance that, in the mysterious home of the future, the interests, employments, and sweet uses of the world might not be wholly vain.

St. Paul sees no such gulf fixed between the present and the future. Earth is to him but a childhood, which shall develop into the manhood of heaven. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things."

Childhood!—all that is joyous and bright, careless and free, a season of April tears, forgotten in the next gleam of sunshine. And yet as we watch its play, and listen to the music of its laughter, how is it that there falls upon our hearts, in the very act of contemplation, a solemnity and an awe? Is it not the conviction that, in the case of each young existence, there lies a future, dim and uncertain, yet linked to the present by unseen bonds; that amid the trivial tasks, the sports and the companionships of morning years, men and women are preparing to take their part in the great world? Nor is the life of the man severed from that of the child. It is its completion and perfection. There is no sudden break in existence when the boy lays aside his youthful pleasures and activities and becomes the man of business; no severance of the future and the past when the girl says farewell to her early pursuits and assumes the cares of womanhood; but, by a process as natural and as gentle as the unfolding of a flower, childhood and youth

progress to their maturity. Nay, the very tiniest influences, not excluding even toys and sports and casual juvenile friendships, in themselves so trivial and evanescent, all these and such like have doubtless their part in training mind and heart for higher things, and however diverse the work of life's future may be, its spirit and tendencies remain very much the same.

So is it with our earthly life in its relation to immortality. The "knowledge" we have gathered here below, when Heaven's light shall fall upon it, may "vanish away;" but it will only be as the dawn fades before the day. Our little tasks and toils, our achievements and attainments, our hopes and aspirations, may be "put away" as childish things; but it will be only as the flower of Spring makes way for the full-grown spoils of Autumn. We are but children in the lower school, training not alone by great efforts, but by common duties; not alone by spiritual service, but by secular work; not alone by trial and sadness, but by brightness and sunshine, for the higher life of our Father's home. We lisped here our imperfect speech, we think our crude thought, and catch oftentimes but the shadowy reflections of the things which are above us; but recognizing that by and through all these we are progressing towards our maturity, graduating through class by class, till the education be complete, and "that which is perfect is come." Then, too, we shall find that between the present and the future there lies no impassable gulf, that death is not the extinction, but rather the expansion of our human life, "the measure of the stature of the perfect man" in wisdom and knowledge, in affection, and happiness. Thus "the land which is very far off" and discerned only by the eye of faith becomes linked to our daily lives by this ladder of childhood, which, resting on our common earth, is lost amid the golden glories.

LOUIS ANTOINE GARNIER-PAGÈS.



A FEW years ago the death of Garnier-Pagès would have caused a sensation as deep, as wide, and as pathetic as the death of any man of his generation. As it is, he slips away quietly, his departure awakening some interesting reflections, but causing no such agitation as would have attended it thirty years since. Ours is an age when personal qualities are much less concerned in the influence and popularity of public men than they were in a less advanced stage of civilization. One Lincoln in a generation or a century may keep alive the old sentiment of heroism and enthusiasm for personal greatness, while ten men to that unit may create a greater rage for the hour, and be followed by a larger multitude. A religious enthusiast like Moody, and a social reformer like Murphy, may appear for a time greater than the greatest man of their age; but it is because they ride the surging wave of some popular sentiment during a single tide of social destiny; and when the ebb comes they

are stranded, or, at best, carried back to the level whence they arose.

Garnier-Pagès was one of the children of the modern French revolution. His father was a professor of rhetoric in the Sorbonne, but the youth failing to develop any special taste for learning was suffered to devote himself to business. He was placed in the house of a commission merchant, where he displayed fine executive abilities and a ready appreciation of difficult financial problems, and rapidly made his way in the confidence of his employers. He would probably have been a merchant prince had not a half-brother of his silently influenced his life to a different purpose. This brother, by a former marriage of his mother to a Mr. Garnier, figures in French literary history as the orator of France *par excellence* in our age. Lamartine, slow to commend and quick to condemn, wrote of Etienne Joseph Louis Garnier in 1830, that his renown "increased at each discourse." He was then in the

height of his political activity. He had been born into political life in those disturbing days of 1830, when the surging waters rose like a mountain. He was borne into the council of his nation on the bosom of

"The surfy waves
That foamed around those frightful days,"

in the politics of France. He was a republican without the slightest tinge of royalism, and, what is better, his republican fervor was so well conserved by prudence, coolness, and sagacity that he appeared the very heaven-born leader of a divine cause. There were then, however, only a few republicans who held together, and though Garnier—as he was usually called, even after he had adopted the name of his step-father—stood ready to lead, there were none to follow. "He could not be called the leader of a forlorn hope," as has been aptly said; for until Ledru-Rollin joined him he was fairly alone in the chamber of French Deputies of fifty years ago, in the advocacy and defense of republican principles. He was poor, moreover, and could ill afford to give his time to his country while his stomach was empty and his body unclad. He would, probably, have tired of his task and fallen by the wayside had not, in days of great trial and of dejection, Louis Pagès, full of affection for his elder half-brother and of enthusiasm for the cause he represented, often whispered words of consolation and encouragement. "You," he said, "will conquer the republic for France, and I will work to provide for your material wants. Keep your mind easy about small things, to which I shall see, and apply it to the great work to which you have been called."

In 1841, when death suddenly throttled the great orator and statesman, the younger brother was looked to by the republican constituency which had in the course of time developed, with much hope that in him the leadership of the Garnier-Pagès might continue. Louis Antoine went into the Chamber of Deputies in 1842. He had labored hard in business until then, but the support of his brother Garnier had left him incompetent to maintain his position in the Chamber without private labor. So he spent his

days for his country's good, and took the nights to provide his daily bread. He acted as an accountant in a commercial house. Yet the weariness of the night's toil never told upon his daily labor in the French Chambers. He spoke on all public questions with such ability and displayed so many of his half-brother's qualities that he was universally applauded and hailed as the worthy scion of his house. With the same enthusiasm with which he fought at the barricades in 1830 he fought in the Chamber in 1848. He may be said to have been the man above all men who helped the republican party into power. Just about the time that the Guizot ministry was forced to abdicate (February 23, 1848), and Thiers was summoned by Louis Philippe to the head of the affairs of the state, Garnier-Pagès was Mayor of Paris, and supporting the reform banquets which preceded the final catastrophe of 1848.

In the provisional government named by the Deputies on February 24th, after the abdication of Louis Philippe, Garnier-Pagès was one of the most conspicuous members, if not really the center towards which the others leaned. He belonged certainly neither to the extremely radical class of republicans nor to the extremely moderate class. The only man who was like him was Cremieux. Lamartine was then too moderate, and so was Arago. Marie was too hasty and radical, and Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc held those extravagant socialist or communist opinions which ripened in 1871, and came very near leading France to anarchy and ruin. Lamartine, who was the minister of foreign affairs, was nominally at the head of the government; but the real moving power of the whole provisional government was Garnier-Pagès. Lamartine was popular for a time. His power as an orator marked him as a master spirit. Indeed, his harangue to the seditious and infuriated bands who demanded the red flag instead of the tricolored (February 25th) was one of the most memorable triumphs of eloquence recorded in history. And yet only two months later he was a mere shadow of power beside the steady-going, conscientious, and sagacious minister

of finance, Garnier-Pagès. No one appreciated him better than Lamartine himself, and Pagès's excellent management of affairs is lauded in unmeasured terms by the unfortunate politician, but immortal historian, poet, and pilgrim to the Holy Land. When Lamartine, seeing his wane of popularity, entered into collusion with Ledru-Rollin—a collusion which the unfortunate man has compared to that of the lightning-rod with the pernicious power which it averts—Garnier-Pagès stood alone with Crémieux against the support of the industrial and laboring classes by the state.

The very *ateliers nationaux*, or national workshops, which were opened and run against the express wish of the minister of finance, in order to pacify the extreme socialistic class, proved the very ruin not only of him who had granted the concession, but to the republic as well. In a little over three months the expense of maintaining the "ateliers" had run up to the enormous amount of 14,174,967 francs, and the perplexed minister of finance was obliged to provide for these public exigencies by a land-tax, the forced circulation of bank or treasury notes (*billets de banque*), and the organization of a system of bonded warehouses and dock warrants. Some of these measures were really a reform, and were so regarded by the people. The forced paper money circulation, however, was not welcome, and the land-tax altogether too burdensome to the country populace to find even the most moderate degree of allowance. On the 22d of June an assembly decree ordered the removal of a certain number of the workmen to the army, for the purpose of lessening the state expense of the "ateliers." The operatives not only refused, but rose up in insurrection, and for days a terrible and sanguinary struggle, similar to that instituted by the *Commune*, went on in Paris, which brought the dictatorship of Cavaignac; and ere that year closed the deluded people, hoping for a change of times to the better by a change of leaders, voted for Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte as the President of the newly founded republic, out of which three years after he made the empire—that second

empire of whose record France is now exclaiming:

"From the table of my memory
I'll wipe away its trivial fond records."

In the early reign of the empire Garnier-Pagès hid himself in the shadows of obscurity. There are those who believe him to have been identified with the conspirators, that repeatedly threatened the life of the French emperor, notably the Orsini conspirators of 1858. But there is no reasonable ground even for suspicion, to say nothing of accusation. Garnier-Pagès was always on intimate terms with the Italian republicans, and, indeed, with republicans of any land. His house was their resort. Microslowski, the unfortunate leader of the Poles, in the insurrection of 1848, was a daily visitor; and Carnot, the radical republican, who held the portfolio of public instruction in the provisional ministry with Pagès, was usually there also. Thiers too and Jules Simon and Crémieux frequently mingled with the foreign callers at the carpetless suite of rooms in the Rue St. Roche which previous to the Franco-Italian war were known as the headquarters of the Italian patriots and as the dwelling place of Garnier-Pagès.

After the peace of Villafranca, which failed to give to Italy what Louis Napoleon had promised to secure, the patriots of France and Italy united in a secret and open war against "arrogant foreign oppressors." Garibaldi signaled the opening of the contest in Italy by his landing at Calabria in 1862. The French republicans signaled theirs by a united effort in the elections which resulted in bringing into the "corps législatif" not only Pagès, but also Thiers, the leader of this new party of opposition to the government, and finally its successor.

Garnier-Pagès was the central figure and principal mover in all that work of 1863 and of the years that followed. His home was political headquarters for the republicans, until the closing days of the empire. The house was the property of a republican who had for janitors the widow and the grown-up son of a proscrip of 1852, who died in the pits of Lambersa. She was a silent woman, with a penetrating eye that seemed to gauge

the moral worth of the visitor asking for M. Garnier-Pagès's domicile. This sentinel passed, one approached the rooms by a court like a stable-yard. The stairway one had to climb was wide, old-fashioned, unequal from age and blackened from the multiplicity of M. Garnier-Pagès's political clients, many of whom, though rough working-men, were as welcome visitors at his house as the most noted of home or foreign political leaders.

"Please wipe your feet," was written on every angle of the staircase in prominent characters. The bell was old-fashioned, and gave out a sound like one used on a farm to ring the laborers to dinner. On the door being opened by the only servant, who was perpetually on duty in a kitchen with a small glazed partition through which she could reconnoitre the lobby, the visitors stepped into a narrow passage, the floor of which had become concave by reason of antiquity. If Garnier-Pagès was at home, a dining-room furnished in the mahogany despised by the rich Parisians, and neat as a Quaker's parlor, was passed through. When the family were at table no linen tablecloth was spread. The dishes, which were well-prepared and appetizing, were set on straw mats, upon a brown oil-cloth which was polished like a mirror. At the table sat the master of the house, an old smiling gentleman with soft, yet luminous gray eyes, retreating forehead very much developed about the brows, thin face, long gray hair curling up behind, and a stooped, tall and slender figure which was dressed in loose-fitting clothes. A pair of shirt collars, which were the fashion nearly fifty years ago, concealed the lower part of the face."

His political visitors he received in a large room which was at once an office and a parlor. It was conveniently but meagerly furnished. The immense windows were uncurtained, unless by muslin blinds. A fine fire of big oak logs blazed on a wide hearth, when the weather was cold, as the good man of the house, born and bred in the sunny south, suffered from the rigors of the northern climate even in the moderate rigor of a Paris Winter. The correspondent of a New York Journal who was in Garnier-Pagès's apartments on the Sunday night on which the returns from the Paris elections of 1863

were received thus describes the interesting scene he beheld:

"He, surrounded by a staff of young men and with his son-in-law and trusted companion Dreou at his side, received every five minutes scouts from the voting sections who brought in returns of the bulletins that had been counted. To the famous "five" were that night added the names of Thiers (whom Garnier-Pagès had supported against d'Alton Shées), Pelletan Carnot, Jules Simon, and Garnier-Pagès himself. The Imperialists were nowhere. At about 11 o'clock the last scout came in. In a few minutes the sum total of votes in each of the arrondissements was read out amid tumultuous excitement. As the joy was at its height, in marched Madame Garnier-Pagès with the stately step of a tragedy queen. She advanced towards her husband, the throng in the large salon making way for her to pass, and she was in the act of throwing her arms round his neck, when an accident happened which checked the tears ready to flow from the eyes of the bystanders, and called up smiles all round. The lady had a very elaborate head-dress done in the style then fashionable. The button of an awkwardly tall Democrat's paletot catching in it tore the chignon clean off and left the back of the head quite bare."

When the empire had been overthrown and the National Defense Government was organized Garnier-Pagès was made a member of it. The horrors of that terrible year, however, proved too much for him, and his health, which was never strong, became so enfeebled that he was obliged to quit Paris and seek the quiet of the country. He made his home thereafter in Mademoiselle Rachel's house at Cannes, and there spent his days in finishing the history of the Revolution of 1848, which he had partly written before 1862.

Very recently Victor Hugo one day made the remark at his dinner-table, around which sat several of France's most distinguished republicans, that Garnier-Pagès was entitled to a life chair in the Senate, and that a life of political activity would much more likely extend than shorten his days. When the remark was repeated to the subject of it he rejuvenated, it is said, by ten years at the mere prospect, and at once set out for Paris

to see Gambetta, and second the proposition of the illustrious poet. Quitting a warm room to go into a cold street on a stormy day, he was seized with a chill, and went home complaining of spasms in his chest. He got into a warmed bed and soon fell into a gentle sleep, but from it he never woke again. The body of one of the most picturesque figures of the republican party of France had turned cold, but not in the chilling reign of the December intruder. A great

light which had burned seventy-three years had gone out forever, but not until the whole political firmament of France was brilliant with luminaries whose light shines far out beyond the lands for which Garnier-Pagès had planned as unselfishly as for his own. A good course had he run, and his end is immortality. "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country," says the Roman poet, but it is sweeter and more glorious still to live for it.

THE GOSSIP OF HISTORY.

"THERE are," says Macaulay, in that fine essay which laid the foundations of his fame, "a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High." Of these the great historian considered Milton to be one, and we should most of us like to agree with him. Yet there are some curious stories about Milton, who was, perhaps, not the pleasantest of men in private life. Thus he is said to have taught his daughters the Greek alphabet, without attempting to instruct them in the language, in order that they might the sooner be qualified for the irksome task of reading to him authors of whose works they could not understand a syllable. To the common mind this seems a piece of gross selfishness, though it is quite possible that Milton, whose conception of woman's mission was not the highest, may never have imagined he was guilty of an act of injustice in turning intelligent beings into machines. His ideal of female perfection seems to have been the Eve of his own "Paradise Lost," before the fall. Adam lived "for God only—she for God in him"—a view of the marriage tie for which there is assuredly no warrant in the New Testament. And many will con-

sider Dinah, in "Adam Bede," preaching herself to the simple village folk, as a nobler picture of womanly goodness. In Milton's system there would hardly have been room for St. Theresa, or Mrs. Fry, much less for Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory.

Another story of Milton is only ludicrous, but one hopes it is not true, for one would like only the loftiest associations to center round his name. A friend once condoled with him on the loss of his sight, from the point of view that he could never have the pleasure of seeing his wife. "Ah!" replied Milton with a sigh, "would that I were deaf as well!" In truth, Milton seems to have looked upon his Bessy (No. 3) as a necessary evil, necessary for purposes of house-keeping and cookery. Some of his biographers have represented him as a man of austere life, who made himself miserable by supping on olives and cold water; but it seems more probable that he was something of an epicure in a quiet way, and that a savory stew was very much indeed to his taste. His wife once set before him a dish of which he was exceedingly fond, dressed with nicest culinary art, and as the poet ate, he observed, with his mouth full, by way of expressing his thanks, "Thou knowest that I have left thee all I have." History is silent as to the precise nature of this memorable refection, whether "grisambersteamed," or game "built up in pastry," but those who think Milton had no idea of a good dinner have only to turn to the description

of the banquet with which the devil tempts our Savior in "Paradise Regained," how unlike, he exclaims, "to that crude apple which diverted Eve!"

Yet it seems almost sacrilege to repeat gossip concerning the inspired martyr of English liberty. One is tempted to use the formula employed by Herodotus, when that charming story-teller had given some particularly naughty story relating to a venerated personage, "May I not incur the anger of any god or hero?" The truth is, that half of what constitutes the amusing in the annals of our curious race is composed of facts more or less to the discredit of those who have made a stir in the world. Who, for instance, that has read Fitztraver's song has not learnt to connect the name of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, with all that is brightest in chivalry, in poesy, and in love? Yet his passion for Geraldine is well-nigh an exploded myth, and all its romantic incidents have long since receded into the domain of fable. The facts about him are more prosaic, and he seems to have spent his youth much as other "swells" of the sixteenth century—partly, one grieves to find, in the mediæval substitute for wrenching off knockers. Thus we find him summoned before the privy council for eating flesh in Lent, and for walking about the streets at night in a "lewd and unseemly manner," and breaking windows with a cross-bow. On the first charge he excused himself; the second he confessed, and on it was sent to prison. It would be interesting to know whether his lordship paid for the windows he broke, as glass must have been dear in the reign of Henry VIII. Poor Surrey! He lived in a barbarous and unnatural age, when too often a man's foes were they of his own household; and he was ultimately convicted of high treason on the joint testimony of his sister, the Duchess of Richmond, and of his father's mistress. It was a judicial murder of the foulest kind.

Another Howard, John, dubbed "the philanthropist," may seem, to a skeptical generation, a far less amiable person than the thoughtless and unfortunate Surrey. No doubt he did excellent work in reform-

ing prison discipline; but charity, says a shrewd proverb, should begin at home, and there is too much reason to believe that Howard was a severe, not to say harsh, parent. He managed to make his son afraid of him, and the result was dismal enough. The young man fell into dissolute habits, which were carefully concealed from the father, and consequently unchecked, till they had brought on a disease which terminated in incurable madness. It is fair to add that Mr. Hepworth Dixon considers the charge of harshness brought against Howard as unfair; but some painful facts are not easily explained away. The best story ever told of Howard is, perhaps, the answer he made to Joseph II when the latter observed that the law in his own dominions was more clement than in England. There, said the emperor, men are hanged for many offenses for which they would only be imprisoned in Austria. "That is true," rejoined Howard, "but give me leave to tell your Majesty that I would much rather be hanged than stay in one of your prisons." It should be added that some of Howard's prison reforms were of more than questionable utility; and he has the bad reputation of having introduced the system of solitary confinement, the application of which he recommended to refractory boys—"for which," said the mild and generous Charles Lamb, "I could spit on his statue." Had Howard lived in another age and clime he might have developed into a Torquemada or St. Dominic, and have been distinguished as the founder of an Inquisition. He led a strict life himself, had the highest zeal for the public good, and was probably destitute of natural affections.

It is to the credit of human nature that when a man has rendered great services to his country or to his kind, we resolutely refuse to look at the dark side of his character, and form a glorified picture of him for the mind's eye to rest upon. The portrait of Nelson is not blurred for Englishmen. We are jealous of Byron's reputation, and will scarcely suffer it to be justly or unjustly assailed. With what pleasure should we not hail the fact that a painstaking writer has effectually cleared the character of Marl-

borough from the stains of avarice and corruption! And yet it is always well to look facts resolutely in the face, for they often explain, and enable us to condone. To know all would be to forgive all. Take the case of Nelson. The murder of Prince Caracciolo and all the other bad doings at Naples may be traced directly to his infatuation for Lady Hamilton. And whence did that infatuation arise? It has been asserted that Nelson gradually became estranged from his wife because she did not take enough interest in his career, and seemed hardly to know that her husband was the idolized hero of the nation. If so it was a greivous fault, and the result, with a man of Nelson's temperament, might have been easily foreseen. "My dear, great, glorious Nelson," if we remember aright, was the style in which the wife of a cabinet minister, who can scarcely have been personally acquainted with the admiral, wrote to congratulate him on the victory of the Nile. Lady Hamilton was even more demonstrative, and Nelson took a naive, almost child-like pleasure in being made much of, and called "great" and "glorious" to his face. He had done great things, and was not ashamed to own that he felt proud of his achievements. Indeed, self-assertion on his part occasionally took an unpleasant form. Towards the close of the war with the first republic, when the general distress was sharp and bread frightfully dear—in 1800 the price of the quartern loaf rose to one shilling and tenpence halfpenny—a curious fashion arose of giving dinners in which the guests were asked to bring their own bread. Nelson was invited to such a dinner, but through some oversight he had apparently not been informed of the conditions of the feast. At all events, when he found there was no bread, he made quite a little scene, called his servant, and, before the whole company, gave him a shilling, and ordered him to go and buy a roll, saying aloud: "It is hard that after fighting my country's battles, I should be grudged her bread." One would not like to have been present at that dinner-party, still less to have been the host; and, in truth, either Nelson should not have been invited, or an

exception should have been made in his favor.

It is also part of the ill-natured gossip of history that Nelson's last signal was not "England," but "Nelson expects every man to do his duty," and that the officer to whom the order was given affected to have misunderstood his directions, and substituted the sentence which was actually telegraphed. Southey says it was received by the fleet with enthusiasm, but an eye-witness of the battle has recorded the equally probable fact, that some unideal Britons could not well make out what it meant. "Do our duty?" quoth one of them, "why, of course we shall." In truth, the English dislike of rhetoric (strange enough in a country which has given parliamentary institutions to the world) amounts to a fault; it makes us think that heroic words are never found in company with heroic acts. This is far from being the case, as a notable incident in the life of General Wolfe will show. After his appointment to the command of the expedition against Canada, and on the day preceding his embarkation, Pitt invited him to dinner. The only other guest was Lord Temple, Pitt's brother-in-law, who afterward told the story to Thomas Grenville. As the evening advanced, Wolfe, ever so slightly warmed with wine, or, it may be, merely fired by his own thoughts, broke forth into a strain of gasconade. He drew his sword, he rapped the table with it, he flourished it round the room, he talked of the mighty things it was to achieve. The two ministers sat aghast, at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and spirit, and when at last Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt seemed for the moment shaken in the high opinion which he had formed of Wolfe: he lifted up his eyes and arms, and exclaimed to Lord Temple, "Good God! that I should have intrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands!" Few anecdotes rest on better authority, yet it may be hoped that Lord Temple or Mr. Grenville was guilty of a slight inaccuracy in putting into the mouth of Pitt the words, "and of the administration,"

which sound like bathos, whereas Pitt always spoke and thought in the loftiest strain. Indeed, in judging Wolfe, the great statesman might have known, from the best of evidence, that "tall talk" is occasionally the herald of great actions. "My Lord," he had said in 1757 to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can"—which proved to be the true state of the case.

In spite of "goody" books, which profess that genius is invariably accompanied by modesty, at least half the famous men of history have been intensely egotistical, and strenuous asserters of their own merits.

"After all, what have I done?" exclaimed Napoleon one day, as if to silence a flatterer. "Is it any thing compared with what Christ has done?" Indeed, one of Napoleon's arguments for the truth of Christianity seemed to be that Christ having founded a mightier empire than his own, must necessarily have been more than mortal. Heroes are apt to reason curiously. Nelson told Lord Holland that he often felt pain in the arm he had lost, "which," added the gallant warrior, "is a clear proof of the immortality of the soul, and sets the question completely at rest." His remark would have been hailed with delight by that ingenious theorist who held that puzzle-headedness conduced to celebrity, and who, by the way, defended his opinions with singular skill. He had once maintained at a dinner-party that most men who have attained suddenly and rapidly to fame have been puzzle-headed. "What do you say," objected one of the company, "to Mr. Pitt? He was an admired statesman at the age of twenty-three; and was he a puzzle-headed man?" "Why, not generally such," was the answer, "but he was such in reference to that particular point which mainly contributed to obtain him that early and speedy popularity. Look at the portraits of him at that time, and you will see a paper in his hand, or on his table, inscribed 'Sinking Fund.' It was his eloquent advocacy of that delusion (as all, now, admit it to have been) which brought him such sudden renown. And he could not have so ably recommended—nor indeed would he

probably have adopted—that juggle of Dr. Price's, if he had not been himself the dupe of his fallacy; as Lord Grenville also was, who afterward published a pamphlet in which he frankly exposed the delusion."

As a rule, to be puzzle-headed is not so great a hinderance to success in life as want of fixed opinions and principles. A strange story is told of Berryer which illustrates both the utility and the possibility of early making up one's mind on some of the great questions of religion and politics. When a very young man, with fame and fortune yet to win, Berryer is said to have considered the arguments for atheism and republicanism (too often mixed up together in France) as being on the whole quite as good as those for religion and legitimism. He felt, moreover, that for worldly success it was requisite that he should not continue all his life a doubter, but have some sort of creed. Should he range himself on the side of Church and king, or for "the immortal principles of 1789?" After trying in vain to balance the considerations for and against either belief he gave up the task in disgust, and decided the course of his life in a singular, one is tempted to say impious, fashion. He took a *louis-d'or* from his pocket, tossed it up, and said, "Heads, king; tail, republic." Heads it was, and from that moment Berryer became the sworn champion of legitimism, and ultimately, no doubt, grew to believe himself the advocate of a true cause. But what if to use Plato's expression, he did, on that memorable day, take a lie into his soul? There are better rewards than those of worldly success, "the inquiry of truth," as Lord Bacon finely observes, "which is the love-making, or wooing of it—and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it—being the sovereign good of human nature." Those words have the ring of a morality at once healthy, honest, and sublime. They are separated *toto cælo* from the strange advice given by Keble to Arnold, when the latter was troubled with doubts as to the doctrine of the Trinity. Keble counseled his friend to take a living and preach incessantly to his parishioners the doctrine in which he only half believed, by way of

strengthening his own faith. The advice would seem positively immoral did one not remember that Keble scarcely conceived that doubt could ever be honest, much less well-founded. He was once urged by an admirer to write on the subject of the inspiration of the Scriptures, the limits of inspiration being a subject that was causing difficulties to many thoughtful persons. Keble replied that he feared those who found any difficulties were too wicked to be open to conviction. So unamiable and unjust could be the thoughts of the man who was considered by many of his friends as a saint, and who really was a conspicuous example of human virtue and goodness.

The fact is, that the character which has, in a somewhat narrow sense, been peculiarly called "saintly" is very far from being agreeable. It is not pleasant to read of Thomas à Becket that "he swarmed with vermin" (*effervescebat vermibus*), nor does one like Isabella the Catholic any better for learning that she was wont to rejoice and give thanks at the sight of a gallows with a man hanging therefrom, which may possibly be the origin of the story about the traveler who was delighted to see a gibbet, as a proof that he was in a civilized country. Pleasanter is that trait of Queen Henrietta Maria, who fell down on her knees, crossed herself and uttered a short prayer, when, in one of her first walks on English soil, she came suddenly in view of Tyburn, with its ghastly spectacle of corpses swinging in the wind. And here it may be observed that the gossip of history, if it tends to lower some great names in our esteem, yet helps to raise others. In the kingdom of knowledge, as in the kingdom of heaven, many that are first shall be last and the last first. The character of Noy, Charles I's attorney-general, is not a lofty one, yet there is something very human and even touching in the account of his last will. He bequeathed a fine fortune to his son "to be squandered as he shall think fit—I leave it him for that purpose, and I hope no better from him." Noy drew the writ for levying ship-money, and did many other improper things, but one may take leave to like him quite as much as a model

reformer of prisons. Noy evidently loved his son, and could not bear to be harsh to him; possibly, too, he thought he discerned in the young man some feeling of pride which would spur him so to live as to falsify the prediction. Unhappily, the lad only fulfilled the anticipation expressed in his will:

Drank, reveled, fought, and in a duel died—

if one may slightly modify a verse of Pope in deference to the susceptibilities of Mrs. Grundy.

Sixty years ago the name most abhorred by lovers of freedom in England and elsewhere, was that of Lord Castlereagh. The Tory minister for foreign affairs, in the days of the Holy Alliance, was supposed to be the determined enemy of liberty throughout the world, a man of harsh and cruel purposes, ruthless in carrying them out. When the unhappy statesman died by his own hand, many must have been surprised at the evidence given by his valet on the inquest. "Had he any reason to suppose that his lordship's mind had been deranged of late?" "Well, his lordship had been a little strange of late." "For instance?" "Well, he spoke harshly to me a day or two before his death." It is satisfactory to think that the political fame of a man who was evidently so genial and kindly in private life is beginning to clear itself by the light of contemporary memoirs. Whatever may have been his faults, Castlereagh was a true Englishman, and had the interests of his country sincerely at heart. In any case his is the merit, in great part, of the two last and only successful coalitions against Napoleon; and it must have been a patient and skillful diplomacy which combined the forces destined to conquer at Leipsic and Waterloo.

Some novelists, if no serious historians, have attempted to draw flattering likenesses of James II, but most men will be of opinion that he was fairly gibbeted by Macaulay. The accomplished Marquis of Halifax had an equally poor opinion of his intellect, and was wont to say of Charles and James, that "the elder could see things if he would, while the younger would see things if he could;" a cruel sentence, which is yet something of a compliment to the moral nature

of James. He must, indeed, have had some good qualities, for he was devotedly served in the days of his exile, and men rarely devote themselves for a principle which is not more or less amiably incarnate. There is a little story told of James which shows that he possessed at least some of the Stuart urbanity. He was sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait designed as a present to Pepys, when the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange was brought to him. The king commanded the painter to proceed and finish the portrait, that his friend might not be disappointed.

Of James's successful rival, on the other hand, Macaulay's portrait must be considered too flattering, especially by contrast. William was not only an unfaithful husband, but as ostentatious in his infidelities, as careless of conventionalities, as little regardful of his wife's feelings as Charles II. Now Macaulay gives one a good deal of precise information about the private life of the two last Stuart kings, and touches but lightly on the failings of William. He even goes out of the way to praise the latter for trying to compel one of his officers to marry a young lady whom he had wronged—excellent counsel, no doubt, but which must have come with bad grace from a man whose morals were in no wise above the level of the age in which he lived.

There is an anecdote told of our Dutch ruler which reflects some little credit on him, though not much—for he could hardly have acted otherwise—but which is chiefly worth relating for the curious light in which it sets the first constitutional king of England. William had sentenced an insubordinate regiment to be decimated. The soldiers accordingly drew lots, every tenth man, of course, drawing a prize—the prize of death. Not unnaturally one of the winners felt disposed to sell the lot he had drawn, if haply he could find a purchaser. One poor fellow at length agreed to be shot in his stead for a hundred pistoles to be paid to his relatives after his execution. William, having been informed of the bargain, sent for the soldier, and asked whether what he had been told was true. "Yes," replied the man, sulkily,

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"I have run the risk of being killed all my life for next to nothing a day, and now I can secure my wife and children something substantial. I am ready to die." William pardoned the man—he could hardly do less, and gave him the hundred pistoles. Martial law was formally recognized by Parliament in 1689; but the decimated regiment must have been a Dutch or German one, for English public opinion would at no time have tolerated such a barbarous mockery of justice. Dutch ideas of liberty, however, were always curious, or at any rate exhibited a striking discrepancy on some points from English ideas, and somehow or other we incline to the latter as the sounder.

Yet there was much that was lovable in the character of William, who was a staunch friend and a generous foe; and perhaps he is the most estimable in the long line of our sovereigns, with the exception of Alfred, and, perhaps, of Cromwell. Alfred, by the way, comes nearer to perfection than any prince of whom history makes mention, though scandal was once busy even with his stainless name. In youth he is said to have been dissipated, and even to have alienated his subjects by his misgovernment and immoralities. If so he made a noble atonement. *Apropos* of the great English king, every one knows the story of the burnt cakes and the scolding he received from the cowherd's wife, but the conclusion of the story is not so generally known. According to William of Malmesbury and other later chroniclers, the cowherd, whose name was Denulf, having afterwards, on Alfred's recommendation, applied himself to letters, was made by him Bishop of Winchester, and was the same Denulf who died occupant of that see in 909. But what became of Mrs. Denulf? Possibly she lived to be an anti-type of Mrs. Proudie, for the English clergy in the pre-Conquest days were not averse from marriage, and nearly two centuries were yet to elapse before Gregory VII should introduce a uniformity of celibacy and hypocrisy into the Church. But, of course, the assertions of the worthy precentor of Malmesbury must be taken with an occasional grain of salt, as when, praising the

strict and efficient police kept by Alfred in his dominions, he says that a purse of money, or a pair of golden bracelets, would in the time of this king remain for weeks exposed in the highway without risk of being stolen.

Perhaps few kings in the whole list appear more contemptible to the English, and especially to the modern English mind, than Edward the Confessor. There is even an Oxford tradition to the effect that, in his defection from the Church of England, Dr. Newman was nearly being followed by a distinguished scholar, who, however, had one difficulty which he never could get over. He had made up his mind to accept one point of doctrine after another, but the proverbial straw was the canonization of St. Edward. He finally decided that the Church which had deified so poor a specimen of humanity could not possibly be the infallible guide of men. We are not careful to defend the character of Edward, whose name ought nevertheless to be dear to a certain class of nineteenth century politicians, as one of the earliest lovers of peace at any price—a circumstance which probably facilitated the Norman Conquest, but the English long looked back with regret upon the golden days of King Edward, when the Dane had ceased to vex and the Norman had not yet come to trouble. Edward seems, moreover, to have been a just and benevolent ruler, and if he favored the monks unduly, yet the monks, with all their faults, were the most respectable part of the population.

Charity has been the occasion of many a happy saying. Malherbe was very generous, but, one is sorry to learn, not religious. One day he gave a beggar some silver, and the beggar assured the poet that he would pray for him. "Pray do not trouble yourself to do that, my friend," replied Malherbe; "judging from your own condition, I should hardly think you had much credit with heaven." This was rather wicked, and reminds one of that queen of Spain who lost her husband, and who was so grieved and so indignant against the celestial powers that she forbade her subjects to believe in God for six whole months, "to give him a lesson." The author of this anecdote, however, has forgotten

the name of the queen, and history has been equally forgetful. More authentic is that haughty observation of William Rufus that "if he had duties toward God, God had also duties toward him." Happier, had it been more reverently expressed, was the thought of Alfonso the Wise, of Castile, who, after drawing up his astronomical tables in accordance with the scientific theories of the day, and placing the earth in the center of the universe, remarked that, had he been consulted, he should have placed the sun in the center.

There is a story told which redounds much to the credit of the unfortunate and almost imbecile Charles II of Spain. When very young he was performing on foot the stations of the Jubilee. A beggar crossing his path, the king flung him a cross of diamonds without so much as looking at it, and without any body at the moment perceiving what he had done. When he had entered the church, however, his courtiers noticed the absence of the cross from his breast, and cried out that their master had been robbed. The beggar, who had followed, immediately came forward, saying, "Here is the cross; it was his majesty who gave it me." The king confirmed the statement, and then perceived for the first time that he had given away one of the crown jewels. But he was too much of a gentleman to take it back without giving the man an equivalent; and besides, as a Christian and a Catholic, he felt that the gift was sacred, having been made in the very act of prayer. He, therefore, had the diamond valued, and bought it back from the mendicant at its proper value, namely, twelve thousand crowns. It was royally done. Less magnificent, but not less sincere, was the charity of Robert II. of France, the gentle, pious king, the author of that most sweet and beautiful of Latin hymns, the "*Veni, Sancte Spiritus*." A thief one day, by a dexterous use of the knife, was cutting the gold fringe from the king's dress. "Stop, my friend," quoth Robert, "you have now half; leave the other half for some one else." It was this Robert, who, in spite of his piety and docility of temper, managed early in his

reign to embroil himself with the Church. He had married in 995 Bertha, widow of Eudes, Count of Blois, whom he dearly loved; but there were some difficulties as to the lawfulness of the marriage. Pope Gregory V refused a dispensation, and declared the marriage void. The king refused obedience, in consequence of which he was excommunicated; and it is related how, under this terrible sentence, his palace was deserted by all but two menials, who after every meal, purified by fire the utensils employed at the royal table. Robert at length yielded, and put away Bertha in 998, marrying, in her stead, Constance, daughter of the Count of Toulouse, a beautiful shrew, who led him a dismal life. Often in bestowing charity on his beloved poor, the king would say, with a smile that ill dissembled a real fear, "Mind and don't tell the queen." He went on pilgrimages to all the shrines in France, and in 1019 went to Rome to visit the tombs of the apostles. This last journey he made for three reasons—first, from a feeling of devotion; secondly, to get away from Queen Constance; thirdly (so curious is the mixture of human motives), with the view of inducing the pope to annul his marriage with Constance, and to sanction his reunion with his first wife, Bertha; which reveals an alarming confusion of ideas on the subject of morality in the mind of the good king.

"*Je n'aime de l'histoire que les anecdotes!*—the only part of history that I like is its anecdotes," was the frank confession of Prosper Mérimée, whose hatred of cant led him, perhaps, into the opposite extreme of cynicism, and of contempt for his fellow creatures. "I felt uneasy," he remarked to a friend, "when I had to make my first speech in the senate; but I soon took courage, remembering that I was only addressing a hundred and fifty fools." It is to be regretted that Prosper Mérimée did not undertake the compilation of a thesaurus of historical gossip, in which anecdotes should have been severely sifted, and each good saying traced to its genuine author. Prosper Mérimée had both the taste and the accuracy of knowledge necessary for the task. The French as a nation are terrible sinners

in the matter of anecdotes. They are at once the best story-tellers in the world and the most untrustworthy; reckless as to the value of their facts, so long as these are amusing and can be wittily arranged. Too often the race is typified by Talleyrand, ever ready to sacrifice a friend or a noble thought to a joke. Count Louis de Narbonne—the one human being, it was thought, whom Talleyrand ever really loved—was walking one day with the Prince de Bénévent, and reciting some verses he had composed. A man who was passing by happened to be gaping. The opportunity was irresistible. "Hush, Narbonne," said Talleyrand, "you are always talking too loud." Talleyrand, by the way, never said a smarter thing than Carnot said of him: "If Talleyrand despises men it is that he has studied too much his own character." But Talleyrand was at heart a better man than his contemporaries fancied, or perhaps than he fancied himself; while of his talent and of his zeal for the public service there can be no doubt. In 1815, when France lay prostrate at the feet of victorious enemies, even then Talleyrand held high language on her behalf. He baffled some of the most cherished schemes of Prussia and Russia, and extorted a disdainful compliment from the Emperor Alexander, who said, "Talleyrand conducts himself as if he were the minister of Louis XIV." This was no small praise. One may add, what is of peculiar interest at the present moment, that more than seventy years ago Talleyrand had devised one of the happiest and boldest solutions of the Eastern question ever formally suggested by a Western statesman. After the capitulation of Ulm, in 1805, he addressed to the Emperor Napoleon a plan for diminishing the power of Austria to interfere with the preponderance of France, by uniting Tyrol to the Swiss confederation, and erecting the Venetian territory into an independent republic interposed between the kingdom of Italy and the Austrian territories. He proposed to reconcile Austria to this arrangement by ceding to it the whole of Wallachia, Moldavia, Bessarabia, and the northern part of Bulgaria. The advantages he anticipated

from this arrangement were that of removing Austria from interfering in the sphere of French influence without exasperating her, and that of raising in the East a power better able than Turkey to hold Russia in check. Had this plan been carried out Europe might have been saved what threatens to become a kind of chronic crisis, and we should have heard less about the "manifest destiny" of Russia; Constantinople might even have long since become the capital of the Austrian Cæsars.

What strikes one most in the verification of the *ana* is the inventiveness of gentlemen who make history sitting quietly at their desks, and the extreme tameness really displayed on great occasions by the principal actors in the drama of history. How many noble sentiments have been put into the mouths of kings who would not have had the wit to utter them even as afterthoughts! For genuine "royal" speech, if any one cares to peruse it, let him turn to the pages of Saint-Simon. At least it has the merit of not being long. Under the regency of the Duke of Orleans the Duke of Berry was introduced to the Parliament of Paris. The first president made his highness a complimentary harangue, and it was then the prince's turn to reply. He half took off his hat by way of salute to the assembly, immediately replaced it, and looked hard at the first president. "Monsieur," he began then gazed blankly around, and began again, "Monsieur,"—then turned appealing around to the Duke of Orleans for help. The regent's cheeks, like those of his cousin, were as red as fire, and he was wholly unable to help the luckless prince out of his scrape. "Monsieur," now dolefully recommenced the Duke of Berry, and again stopped short. "I saw the confusion of the prince," says Saint-Simon, "I *sweated*, but there was no

help for it." Again the prince looked at the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke of Orleans appeared to be intently studying the form of his own boots. At length the first president put an end to the painful scene with as much tact as he could well display. He took off his judge's bonnet with a low bow to the Duke of Berry, as if in acknowledgment of the Prince's unspoken oration, and then opened the business of the session, to the intense relief of all present. On quitting the Parliament house the Duke of Berry paid a visit to the Duchess of Ventadour, where he was complimented on his speech by the Princess of Montauban, who knew nothing of what had happened, and ventured on what she naturally enough supposed to be a safe piece of flattery. The duke now wild with annoyance, hurried away as soon as he could to the Duchess of Saint-Simon's. Once alone with that great-hearted lady, and sure of sympathy, the poor fellow threw himself into an arm-chair, and burst into tears. Madame de Saint-Simon did her best to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, and showed, it must be allowed, a touching sense of his own degradation. He bitterly blamed "the king" (Louis XIV) and the Duke of Beauvilliers for the wretched education he had received. "They never thought," he bitterly exclaimed, "but to brutalize me, and to smother all that I might have been. I was a younger son, I was distancing my brother, and they crushed me; they taught me nothing but to play and to hunt, and they have succeeded in making of me a fool and a brute, utterly incapable, never to be fit for any thing, always to be the laughing-stock and the scorn of mankind!" Such are the realities of history, as pitiful, as affecting, as human in their interest as its fictions.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

WE have once or twice spoken briefly on this subject, in our editorial columns, to express some passing thoughts or ideas then present, but with no thought of discussing it at length. It appears, however, that what we have said has been read by at least one person whose views of the subject do not coincide with those that we have expressed, and, accordingly, we have been made the recipient of the following earnest protest, which we give in full, and to which we propose to reply somewhat at length, though without any hope of covering the whole subject. Our correspondent writes sharply and strongly, and, to us, it seems extremely fallacious. But here we would not be very confident, for we have noticed that on questions of political economy, while most speakers and writers are very confident, quite often they disagree pretty widely among themselves:

"When I read the strictures on 'finance,' etc., and editorials on that subject, I find myself wishing most *earnestly* that you editors were compelled to read carefully and slowly some sensible *Greenback* paper. To talk of being on the eve of permanent prosperity with such facts as the following standing squarely out before us is little short of insanity, namely: The corporate debts of the country are not less than fifteen thousand millions (\$15,000,000,000); the [annual] interest [of which] is not less than one thousand millions (\$1,000,000,000), and this must come out of the labor of the country. This [annual interest] is equal to twenty dollars *per capita* for every man, woman, and child. The private debts are also enormous. There is not a farm in all this Western country, scarcely, but could be bought for the price of the improvements, and the land thrown in for nothing. The debtor class has been wiped out, and the corporate debts can not be paid; and if the finances [shall] run in the same channels much longer repudiation will be the rule. The government belongs to the bond-holders, for they own the national banks—the banks are to fur-

nish the money, and they are based on government bonds. Of course the bonds are not to be paid—they are to be perpetuated. The NATIONAL REPOSITORY told us last month that the country produced seven hundred millions (\$700,000,000) last year. This is only three hundred millions (\$300,000,000) less than the [annual] interest on the corporate debts. Well, when a man can not pay the interest on what he owes is he not broke? The labor of this country is bound to be slave labor. The legislation of our country has forced repudiation on the people, and confiscated the property of the debtor class. The property has been legislated into the coffers of the rich, and yet, with sadness be it said, the pulpit and the press [of the country] are on the side of the gold-gamblers and Shylocks.

"I have the honor to be, etc. D. O."
Illinois Conference, March, 1879.

We are not disposed to treat with levity such complaints as these, wrung out as they often are by the sufferings occasioned by the financial disasters that have overtaken so many worthy persons and families. But however sincerely and deeply we may sympathize with those who thus suffer, we can not be blind to the patent fallacies used respecting the causes and cures of these evils, nor justify the too evident resentment against the creditor classes, as if they were the guilty causes of all these evils. All this is neither just nor manly. Men become debtors only by their own actions, and because they receive from others the value of their indebtedness with the expectation of profiting by the transaction. To be unwilling to repay what was thus received is manifestly dishonest, and to whine or be angry because of the failure of their adventures is pusillanimous. All business has its risks, and when the balance is found on the side of loss rather than of profit, though the result may be very undesirable, yet it is not well to be angry about it.

Our correspondent's wish respecting those

who do not see things through his spectacles, has the appearance of great malignity; but we are slow to believe that it was as it seems. "To be compelled to read carefully and slowly some sensible (1) greenback paper," has the appearance of that form of punishment against which the national Constitution protects even convicted felons. Sisyphus, Ixion, and the daughters of Belesus had their proper punishments allotted to them severally; but, happily for them, "greenback papers" were unknown in the *Infernum*. Waiving all by-plays, however, since this is serious business, we come at once to the facts and arguments given in the above letter.

Respecting the alleged aggregate indebtedness of the country, corporate and private, we might be inclined to say something, did the subject of the amount affect the questions at issue. That amount is evidently very much overstated; and yet it is no doubt true that the indebtedness of the country is much larger than can ever be paid. The real value of the creditor's claims is limited to the debtor's power to pay, and no legislation can add to it. But to the extent of the debtor's property—except perhaps a very small amount required for immediate necessities—the creditor may justly demand payment. If, however, by the shrinkage of values, the half of each dollar disappears, and the other half was already owed to some one for value received, then, indeed, the debtor is financially "wiped out." His case is a very hard one, but we do not see that any body is to blame for it. The debtor becomes such, taking the risk of ultimate loss, because he hopes to profit by it; but when the risk has gone against him, he loses his own capital, and has only sufficient—often, indeed, not so much—to reimburse his creditors for what he has received of them. Why, then, should he talk of injustice or oppressions?

It is no doubt true that the entire real estate of the country could not be sold for the cost of the improvements, for these amount to more than fifty per cent of its former nominal value, and such property has nominally declined in value on an average fully one-half throughout the country. But all that, however inconvenient and distressing to individuals it may be, does not affect the real value of the property in question. The money valuation of the wealth of the country is only relative, not real

or intrinsic. The property whose price has declined one-half is probably as good as ever it was, and as capable of ministering to men's wants or promoting their conveniences. And since this property is still in existence the country is really no poorer than before the decline of prices. But now the former creditors, whose claims at first amounted to but half of the value of the property, have become the proprietors. In this process of readjustment these have been not a little inconvenienced because the debtors have been financially ruined. But since the productive power of the property of the country remains there will still be crops grown and fabrics manufactured; the traffic of the country will continue, and professional services will be required and rendered, and the complicated machinery of our civilization will move forward without break or stoppage. After some great disaster, with accompanying destruction of life and property, it requires but a little time for the living to bury the dead; and when that has been done men engage again in their affairs according to the requirements of the newly created order of things. So the indebtedness of individuals will, nearly all of it, be canceled in a very few years—paid wherever the debtors have the requisite means, and lost by the creditors wherever the means of payment are wanting. Bankruptcy in nearly all cases makes an end of indebtedness, whether the law does or does not recognize the fact; that result is inevitable, and it is quite as equitable an arrangement as the average of financial transactions. If the failing debtor is required either legally or morally to devote his energies through all his after years to pay off such debts, then, indeed, is he a bound slave, compared with whom a chattel or serf is a free man, and we need still another emancipation proclamation.

The corporate indebtedness of the country presents a much more difficult problem than do the private debts. Where a corporation is simply a mercantile, financial, or industrial association, made a person in law by a charter, its legal extinction, and the distribution of its assets among its creditors may make an end of the affair. By this process the aggregate indebtedness of the country is rapidly becoming less. It is well that it should do so. But with political corporations, cities, towns, and other civil corporations, this process is not so readily

available. They represent entities, and are not the mere creatures of legislation; and, because of their political character, they claim and exercise the right to levy taxes upon the private property within their bounds; and this power of taxation underlies every man's title to whatever he may think he owns. The power to tax is to all legal intents a power to confiscate; and, in some cases actually occurring, taxation is operating as a real confiscation. But this process can not proceed very far, since its perpetuated liability to further impositions often renders the escheated property valueless to any possible purchasers. This extremity has also been reached in not a few instances. Holders of property decline to pay their taxes, and the civil authorities find themselves powerless to enforce their demands; and of this, probably, we have seen only the beginning. The larger cities, because of the abundance and the availability of their wealth, will find means to pay the interest on their indebtedness; for their interests all lie in that direction, though the burden of taxation will in many cases tend to drive away both capital and business, and with these, of course, population also. In the smaller towns and other civil corporations there will be much more of partial or complete repudiation, sometimes direct, but more commonly by failure to pay, compelling creditors to accept something less than full payment of their bonds,—a proceeding though unavoidable, yet every way deplorable, and much less so financially than morally.

One of the worst facts about this corporate indebtedness is, that in the great majority of cases it is more or less tainted with fraud. The funds now owed for were, in many cases, first of all borrowed at a discount and subjected to ruinous rates of interest, and then expended less for the public benefit than to enrich greedy plunderers of the public. For the hundred of millions so obtained from the people by legalized frauds,—of which the doings of the Tweed ring were more remarkable for their magnitude and their freedom from hypocritical pretenses of honesty, than for any special element of dishonesty,—the tax-burdened municipalities have but little to show. It would be a liberal estimate to value the cost of reproducing the public improvements made in this country since 1865 at a quarter of their first cost; and of these a large share is prac-

tically valueless, because they are not needed and can not be utilized. But the bonds issued to the lenders of the money are in full force, and they are first mortgages on all the property, private as well as public, of the municipalities that issued them. And yet, for good and sufficient reasons, the bonds of most of our smaller cities, incorporated villages, towns, and counties are not in favor among capitalists, and may usually be bought at a discount. Some of them will, no doubt, be paid in full, and still more in part, while a not insignificant proportion will somehow fail altogether. The villainous plunderers of the people, who swarm about the city halls, and the court-houses, and village centers, will, with very few exceptions, escape the punishment they deserve, some to enjoy their ill-gotten gains, but most in merited poverty to prey still further upon the public, professing all the time to be model "reformers" and the special advocates of the cause of "dear people."

But this financial ruin belongs with only a few and steadily diminishing exceptions to the past, and since it leaves the property of the country intrinsically undiminished in value, the reorganization of industry and business is not difficult to be accomplished. The fields will still produce their crops not only "to give bread for the eater and seed for the sower," but also to afford a surplus for exportation, and since both labor and capital are in excess of the demand, they must submit to moderate rates of remuneration, rendering it possible to put their productions upon the market at rates that will successfully rival those of other countries. The indebtedness of the past will be allowed only to a small degree to weigh as a killing burden upon the present and the future. Creditors, after having exhausted the resources of their debtors and absorbed into themselves the property of the country, must be content and not seek to enslave those whom the course of events have stripped of every thing. Independent of the moral and ethical conditions of those things, their adjustment in the form of a "wiping out" of old debts is as certain and inevitable as the course of the seasons and the succession of day and night, and a new financial life of the country is sure to arise out of the dead carcass of the past. Such is the inevitable order, and that order is just and right. The trees of the

wood that have been cast down by the hurricane do not rise again; but another generation, often of another kind, succeed to their places, and so the forests restore themselves. In like manner the commercial world will go forward again, and evidently the time for its new rising is at hand; but, happily, not after the extravagant and inflated fashion of the now departed epoch of high prices and debt-making.

How strangely muddled must be the mind that could dictate the utterances in the letter quoted above respecting the mutual relations of the bond-holders, the government, and the banks, and those of the last to the finances of the country. In what sense is it true that "the government belongs to the bond-holders?" Who are the bond-holders? As a general rule government bonds are held by persons not in active business, with whom *security* is a greater consideration than large profits,—widows and single women, retired old men and minor orphans, unsettled estates and funded endowments; for active men of business in ordinary times expect larger rates of interest than the government securities pay. They are also held (but only to a moderate extent) by savings-banks and life insurance companies, being in all these cases only trust funds held and managed for their depositors and policy-holders, who are usually poor persons, and the funds so placed are intended to answer to the real necessities of the depositors or investors in their prudently anticipated days of helplessness. These are, to a very great extent, the "bloated bond-holders," whom our "sand-lot" demagogues are holding up to public execration as "gold gamblers and Shylocks." They are also owned to a comparatively moderate extent by the national banks, by which institutions they are placed in the keeping of the Treasury Department, for the safe redemption of the notes of those banks in case of the failure of any of them,—in all of which the security of the bill-holders, the common people, is the object sought to be promoted. In no sense do "the bond-holders own the national banks," but quite the contrary; and the bonds owned by the banks are pledged for the redemption of their circulation, so that in no case can the people be the losers. And is this a cause for complaint? These government bonds are the pledges given by the na-

tion in its extremity for the means of perpetuating its existence, and any failure to pay them, *in good faith*, would be not only immoral but in the lowest degree unpatriotic. Nor is their payment a hardship, as it calls for no direct taxation, while the principal internal taxes imposed (those on spirits and tobacco) are public blessings rather than burdens.

A strange fallacy, amounting to little less than an infatuation, seems to possess very many persons respecting the power of banking institutions and their offices in the domains of finance. In no proper sense can it be said that they "furnish the money" of the country, for their notes are not *money*, but only a representative and substitute for it and their availability as a circulating medium arises from the fact that "they are based on government bonds." And is this an evil to be deprecated and removed? The banks leave their pledges of bonds with the government for the security of the holders of their bills, so that those bills are as good to the holders as the legal money of the country, and because of their greater convenience for handling they are generally preferred to gold. Compared with the "wild-cat" money of a quarter of a century ago and the broken banks and the numerous counterfeits, and the charges for domestic exchanges, the paper currency of the present time is certainly a very great improvement. Treasury notes, known as "greenbacks" have for the public all the advantages of national bank bills, and so long as their redemption with specie was suspended, they entailed but little labor or responsibility upon the government. But since the resumption of specie payment with an ever-present possibility that sudden demands may be made upon the government, for the redemption of its outstanding notes, a store of specie must be kept all the time lying idle in the vaults, sufficient to meet all such liabilities, and a multitude of sub-treasuries must be established all over the country, each with its staff of well-paid officers and clerks, not usually actively at work, but like firemen at the engine houses, ready to respond whenever the occasion shall occur. If "greenbacks" are to be made the paper-money of the country, then must the government engage, in form and in fact, in the business of banking, a contingency against which statesmanship and patriotism must earnestly protest.

It is a great mistake to assume, as is often done, that the public finances can be regulated by civil law. On the contrary, the laws of trade are superior to all legislation, whether by Congress or Parliament, Czar or Sultan, and all attempts to override them can operate only disastrously. *Laissezfaire*, let us alone, is the one and sole favor that commerce has to ask of the state, after securing by proper regulations, the rights of private property. The *consensus* of the commercial world, the only world-wide commonwealth, is the one and all-sufficient financial code, and to this all sound financial legislation must study to conform its actions. The civil law may undertake to fix the relative values of gold and silver; but the attempt will always be utterly and ridiculously impotent—except for harm. So, too, Congress might attempt to give a money value to some of the baser metals or to medals of gutta-purca, or celluloid, but beyond occasioning a temporary and local distraction and inconvenience, the attempt would be wholly futile. And since the commercial world demands a single standard of current money, and no two metals have a constant ratio of values, whatever one shall be generally accepted, is by that fact made the measure and standard by which all other values must be measured. And that one metal, which is thus the standard of commercial values, is not nickel, nor copper, nor silver—but GOLD.

And here may be seen the bad statesmanship—to say nothing about the moral dishonesty—of the legislation which attempts, by an arbitrary enactment to make a certain silver coin equal to the tenth part of the standard gold eagle, which at the very time of the enactment was fully eight per cent below that value, and has since fallen to more than twice that discount. The tyrant may confiscate whatever portion he may please of every existing debt, or blot out the whole with a stroke of his pen, and there is no redress; but that to do so is a gross abuse of power is evident, and it is all the more reprehensible when it is evident that such a stretch of power is made for selfish purposes. Possibly, by and by, should those badges of the nation's shame, the "bobtailed" silver dollars, become sufficiently abundant—which may God forbid—some debtor with means enough to pay all his indebtedness in full will dis-

charge his accounts with a currency debased by more than a sixth part below the real money of commerce. That law is in form, and would be in fact, could the debased currency be obtained in sufficient quantities, a scaling down of all existing debts, however, contracted, and for whatever owed, by nearly twenty per cent. To our seeming, this is, indeed, "framing iniquity by a law;" and in its practical operations it will play into the hands of the very worst class of "shysters." To the poor debtors already bankrupted, and gone into liquidation, it can bring no relief, nor will any find it available for their purposes, except those who, though able to pay their debts in full, desire to escape by paying only in part. It may be hoped, however, that the laws of trade will, even in this case, prove of greater force than the insane and iniquitous designs of the politicians, and that the wholesome tendencies of financial affairs will be able to effectually resist these evil machinations. While we would not hold all who favor this strange action of our rulers personally responsible for the moral iniquity of their doings, it is still painfully evident that the moral obliquity of this action was seen, and that the measure was favored by not a few because it legalized a wholesale fraud.

As a remedy for the prevailing financial difficulties, nothing could be worse advised than the measures of the inflationists. Instead of wanting more money, the country has been for two or three years suffering from an excess of unused capital. Our banks and Trust Companies have been suffering from a plethora of funds, and, instead of the four or five per cent interest formerly allowed on deposits, they have refused to pay any thing, because they can not use what they have had. Money has been loaned on call, for one or two per cent, on the street; but only when the very best collaterals were pledged for the payment. It is not capital, but credit and confidence that is wanting; and all this financial legislation, that seeks to cheapen money by debasing it, is directly and flagrantly hostile to the restoration of financial confidence. Should the whole land be deluged with legal-tender silver dollars, worth only eighty cents in gold, probably it would not help the case, even temporarily. Capital, proverbially shy at all times, is especially distrustful in the presence of a mani-

festly artificial and unsubstantial basis of prosperity. The only sure process by which to regain financial stability, is the stern and wholesome one of truth, and *cent per centum*.

In all the losses and spoliations caused by the strange financial changes of the recent past, we deeply sympathize with those who have suffered, for we know what it all means. But why should we blame others for disasters that have come upon us by our well-intentioned, but unsuccessful, business arrangements? Men chose to assume the relations of debtors, often unwisely, no doubt, but freely, and in hope of profiting by it; had they gained they would have accepted their fortune without any hesitation—shall they not now willingly, though regretfully, accept the opposite alternative? And is it manly, honorable, or just for men to wish to evade their own voluntarily assumed indebtedness? The crowning mark of distinction of the just man, described in the Fifteenth Psalm, is that he "hath sworn to his own hurt and *changeth not*." It is among the redeeming traits in the character of Esau, that after he had very unwisely sold his birthright, he never returned to claim it, nor did he whimper over the sharp practice of his supplanter. A great many persons just now find themselves stripped of their inherited or hard-earned property, in

not a few cases without *any fault* on their own part, or that of others. We claim for all such, that after they have given up everything to their creditors, they may be permitted to go forth, empty handed, indeed, but not to be pursued with claims for unpaid balances of debts, to begin the world anew, if health and strength remain to them; and if not, to endure with patience the inconveniences of poverty, without repinings or self-reproach.

The financial ailment of the country has reached the stage that requires not active remedies, or alterative medicines, but simply time, with the proper normal treatment of a deeply depleted, but yet constitutionally sound convalescent. The patient will certainly recover, if only the political and financial quacks will so allow, but the flesh that has been lost can never be recovered. Direct or voluntary repudiation of the public indebtedness must not be even talked of, much less attempted; but still, it behooves all classes of creditors to deal gently with the losing parties in the financial struggles of the times. No doubt the storm has spent its force, but many a noble structure that has withstood its violence may still go down from the wrenchings received; but after the most destructive storm comes the sunshine, when all the past is forgotten.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AFGHANISTAN AT ENGLAND'S MERCY.—The lion and the bear are not to quarrel over the booty which the mountain conquest of Afghanistan shall secure. Now that Shere Ali is no more and Yakooob Khan is on the throne of Cabul the Russians have little to hope for in Afghanistan, and England is left to settle with the Afghans as she may please. There are other fields of harvest, and it is by no means so certain that England may not yet find her Sadowa in the plains beyond the Khyber. But even if England shall finally succeed it may result in an advantage to Russia, for it is through Afghanistan that lies the natural line of communication between Central Asia and British India. Hitherto the commercial interests of Russia and England in the East have been directly antagonistic; but some compromise might be easily effected, and

would, when effected, be of the highest advantage to both. Despite all obstacles the overland trade is growing apace. The Oxus is navigated by Russian, the Indus by English steamers. A railway touches the very mouth of the Khyber Pass. The yearly traffic passing through Bokhara alone exceeds forty million rubles (thirty million dollars). How enormously that trade would be increased by a Russian steamboat depot at Tchardjui, and the extension of the Peshawer railway to Jellalabad and Cabul it is easy to conjecture. These enlarged facilities for trade, and the construction of new lines for railroad transportation, will render the entire country benefited by them more desirable for occupation; and either Russia or England will certainly take possession. The decaying civilization of the East must finally yield to that of the West.

ENGLAND'S WAR WITH ZULU LAND.—The war trumpet still resounds in the mountain fastnesses of farther Africa, and the Zulu and the Briton make such dark faces that it is difficult to tell which is blacker of the two. The *Pall Mall Gazette* tells of the terrible conflict as it continues, in language in no wise pleasing to the eye or the heart of the Zulu's warlike qualities and inimical propensities. Instead of the effeminate and inefficient "darkies," these sons of the South turn out to be men possessing every physical and mental qualification necessary for the soldier's life. Naked savages as they are they play the part of a most excellently formed light infantry, and march with a facility and execute with a skill worthy of any European soldiery. The country too proves a serious hinderance to British successes, and altogether nature and man seem to have allied against the European advance. The land is fairly planted with bushes covered by scrubs of the most terrible description. "Four out of every five bushes," says the correspondent of a London paper, "bear thorns that a European can only hope to face when clad in the best moleskin. The name of these thorns, we are assured by a competent authority, is 'legion' and they are as formidable to white men as they are apparently harmless to the Zulus. But if Zulu land is an ugly place for men, it is far worse for horses. What between 'tsetse' fly, snakes, horse-sickness, poison-root, and change of diet above ground, to say nothing of 'ant-bears and rats' below it, not ten per cent of those animals will be alive two months after their arrival."

THE WORLD'S GREAT GUN-MAKER.—Who has not heard of the monster guns the great iron works of Herr Krupp at Essen, on the Rhine, have sent out into the wide, wide world to be used as the most efficient missiles of destruction? We remember seeing them at the Centennial Exhibition in "Machinery Hall." How awfully they affected us! The very mouth of one of those cannons was large enough to admit a man of two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois and leave room for plenty of powder and shot, and yet the manufacturer of these warlike instruments is one of the most peaceful and genial of men. He is a tall and fine-looking old gentleman and of even

remarkable commanding presence. He is in every sense of the word a self-made man. His wealth, which is vast, and still immensely on the increase, he owes to his own industry and sagacity. He has a most beautiful home and, what is still better, knows how to enjoy it. He takes great delight in speaking of his younger days, and is never so pleased as when he is asked, by friend or stranger, to relate how, as a young, hard-working man, he fixed upon the site of the present house as that of his future home, if ever he should succeed in his career; and how he always used to delight, as a boy, when he got a holiday to ascend the hill and look down into the pleasant and peaceful valley below. He is known to all the children for miles around; but he tells one jokingly that they only know him by his head-dress of gray felt, which is a curious sort of a cocked hat turned up at the back, looking most comical until one gets accustomed to it. He has received almost every decoration at the disposal of his emperor, and has been offered every title up to that of "Graf." They have always been refused gratefully but firmly. He says, while a proud look passes over his old and still remarkably handsome features, "Herr Krupp was I born, and Herr Krupp will I die." A truthful anecdote is told in connection with Herr Krupp's marriage. One day, being in the Academy of Music at Cologne, he was struck by a girlish face in the box opposite; he begged one of his friends, who was acquainted with the family, to introduce him. Next day he was engaged, and the following week the marriage took place. This marriage, concluded so hastily, has proved a most happy one, Frau Krupp being esteemed and beloved far and near.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT BASLE.—So the next General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance is determined upon, and on the last day of August the quaint and ancient Swiss town of Basle will give greetings to hundreds, if not thousands, of Christian strangers who shall come from near and far to bear testimony before the world how for all of them there is only one master, even Christ, and to show to the world "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." It is now thirty-four years since a number of persons belonging to different denominations

of Great Britain, drew up a proposal of closer union, and invoked an assembly at Liverpool, which was only the forerunner of the first great evangelical gathering at London in 1846, when nine hundred and twenty-one Christians from all parts of the world took part in its twenty-sixth session, lasting over two weeks. Since then Paris (1855), Berlin (1857), Geneva (1860), Amsterdam (1867), and New York (1873) have beheld this union of the Church militant. Basle is only a small city. Its inhabitants count less than fifty thousand, but of all European cities there is none more Protestant nor its people better cultivated and capable of entertaining the host of learned and refined Christian gentlemen who shall gather there this Autumn. And what a feast nature will provide for them! Situated on both sides of "father Rhine," near the frontier of the Swiss mountains there is no spot richer in historic interest and natural grandeur. There will be no pope to excommunicate and no cardinals to follow the papal legate Cesarini to Ferrara, to leave it again for the final retreat at Florence, nor will the council of 1879 deliberate upon dogmatical heresies that shall result in the burning of a Huss and a Jerome of Prague. There is a difference between the second half of the fifteenth and the second half of the nineteenth century, and the difference lies clearly between Romanism and Protestantism.

MESMERISM IN CHINA.—Ever since the Austrian physician Mesmer discovered the capability of a strong will's influence upon another, animal magnetism has had its advocates, not only in medicine, but in religion too. As he played a fiasco at Paris before the savants of France, and in the presence of our own beloved Ben. Franklin, so to this day civilized men and women make of themselves a laughing-stock in well ordered communities by exhibitions of mesmeric force which these (what, shall we call them—fools?) self-deceived people imagine to be *supernatural* manifestations. The Heathen Chinese too believes in mesmerism as a supernatural agency, and the yellow man is as ready to play the fool as any Robert Dale Owen we know of in European or American society. To the priests of Tao the religion of Pure Reason, who dabbled under bygone dynasties in alchemy and in the science

of attaining immortality, is due the discovery of Kang-fu and its application as a means of healing the sick. All complaints are held to be equally amenable to its power, though not all persons, professors of the art stating plainly that Kang-fu can exercise no influence whatever over others than those who have faith. The *modus operandi* is as follows: A Taoist priest, known for his skill in the art, is requested to attend at the house of a sick person for the purpose of administering Kang-fu; and accordingly, after arranging what is to be paid for his services and securing the sum in advance, he proceeds to fit up within the patient's room an altar for burning incense and joss-paper and for worship generally. Muttered incantations follow, as the priest walks slowly and with prescribed steps, round and round the room. By and by he approaches the sick man and partly raises him, or turns him on his back or side, or lifts up a leg or an arm, or gently shampoos him, the object being all the time to bring the sick man's mind into rapport with his own. When the priest thinks he has accomplished this he commands the patient to perspire or to become cool, or gives instructions for the regulation of pulse and heart, in each case according to what he conceives to be the exigencies of the disease. The whole scene is rendered as impressive as possible by silence, and by darkening the room, with the exception of one oil lamp, by the light of which is dimly visible the silhouette of the robed priest waving his large sleeves in the air. The imaginative faculty of the sick man is thus excited, and hence, perhaps, the reason why even in these days of prohibition Chinamen may still be found ready to declare that they (generally, however, their friends or relatives) have derived undoubted benefits from a well-timed administration of Kang-fu.

SHALL IT BE VERSAILLES OR PARIS?—The French deputies are discussing anew the propriety of returning to the Legislative Halls of Paris. The unsteady walk of the Parisians, their love of excitement, their Don Quixote, like restlessness of affection, have given to the world the impression that France is not Paris, and Paris anything but France. But the Parisians are not willing that the world shall form its own estimates. If you wish to have an opinion of Paris, ask a native citizen who

has never been outside of its walls, and if you know none such, why go to the greatest of Parisians, the immortal and impressible Victor Hugo, and he will answer you. Here is what he had to say the other day in the French Senate, of which he is a member, on this transfer of the seat of government. "Have you realized," he cried, "this city of two millions of men, women and children, given up to all the joys of peace, to all the fancies of confidence, to all the revelries of the empire, suddenly transfigured? Have you realized this Babylon converted into an immense Sparta? Have you realized these women, our wives, women of the world, mingled with their noble sisters, the women of the people, bare-

footed in the snow in 17° of cold, forming a queue at four o'clock in the morning at a baker's door? Have you realized the famine within doors, the distress without, a vast army of savages enveloping civilization? This lasted five months. And this population wished still to fight, wished always to fight. To save it, it had to be betrayed. Since the beginning of history the like had not been seen. Paris to the strength of Rome added the heroism of Lacedæmon; only Rome was but Rome, Lacedæmon but Lacedæmon. What neither was Paris has been, Paris was both. Have you realized this? No, gentlemen, you owe respect to Paris. You represent the great nation, I represent the city by which it is great."

ART.

THOMAS COUTURE.

THE death of this eccentric man will greatly interest many of the American artists who have been his pupils or his ardent friends. Like most men of ardent temperament and mental idiosyncrasies, Couture possessed an irresistible power to draw to himself a circle of admiring followers. Mrs. S. N. Carter, one of his pupils, gives a short description of the man's personal appearance in a late number of *Appleton's Journal*:

"A very short man, with short, round arms and legs, shook hands with us with familiarity and kindness, and notwithstanding his stature there was that in his presence which at once riveted attention to him as a person of dignity and consideration. His head was large, and a pair of very piercing black eyes, well set and expressive, gave brilliancy to his mobile face. His nose was straight, with singularly flexible nostrils, that dilated as he spoke, while a heavy, gray mustache covered his full lips, and the iron gray hair of his head was on this occasion concealed by a broad-brimmed straw hat nearly as wide as his shoulders, which he wore to screen his eyes from the light while he was painting. As he shook hands with us I observed that his hands were remarkably delicate in their structure, and though now their stoutness partly concealed their small joints and the tapering fingers, they are of a class

that indicate great sensibility of organization. Couture on this day wore a brown knitted pea-jacket, and I was told that he usually had on *sabots* to protect his feet from the mud of *villiers-le-Bel*, but on this occasion he wore boots."

Of his method of work his former pupil Mr. Daniel Huntington, gives the following interesting statement: "After making the outline of his picture in charcoal, oil, and turpentine, Couture rubbed over the canvas a transparent warm tint of a deep-toned salmon color. Next, with another warm tint, he deepened the strongest shadows of the sketch, developing the light and shade. Next, he painted with a neutral gray, inclining to green, the masses of shadow in the flesh, and into that neutral gray dragged some blood-tints, giving a fleshy illumination. Where the masses of light in the flesh were to be he first painted in a lower tone, rather negative, and over that spread or dragged some very solid color, warm and rich. The under painting in each case shone through in little specks giving sparkling and life to the surface, and the whole treatment was as easy as it was masterly. Couture had as much facility and certainty in every touch as any man that ever lived. He never tried again. If he failed in one attempt, he would take a new canvas or blacken over the old one. For the lights of his flesh he used Naples yellow and

vermillion, with cobalt broken in, and for the deep shadows, cobalt and brown red."

PAPER DECORATION.

THE great revival of interest in decorative art is evident in many directions. Just to what extent this may contribute to the cultivation of a genuine artistic taste may not be so evident. That the net results will be helpful in this direction can not well be doubted, but that much that is false and misleading may be cherished for a time is equally plain. Just now much attention is given to the English wall-papers and the magnificent French furniture stuffs; and it must be conceded that while as a hygienic arrangement the papers must be condemned, as an artistic device they have much to commend them. Some of the very ablest artists of the industrial schools of England and the Continent are working up these beautiful designs. The Kensington Art School has been busy, and has given a new impulse to all departments of the study of the beautiful. The combination of natural objects in these wall-papers is quite remarkable, and the delicacy of sentiment is something really charming. Fruits, flowers, vines, water-plants, birds, insects, etc., are represented with a wonderful fidelity, and in such harmonious parts as to be a source of real pleasure to the student. In distinction from the old patterns there is now an almost entire absence of geometric treatment, and the tedious repetition of some fixed subject. The whole wall space, ceiling, and dado are now frequently occupied in the illustration of some one theme, and hence the mind takes real delight in its study, as well as in the artistic execution of the individual parts. We must regard this a great advance in the matter of wall-decoration. The study of color is also more thorough than formerly. The tints are now so harmonious that the taste is gratified rather than offended, although the colors are more positive, and are used in greater profusion. We are coming to learn that the men who were so free to use even the brightest tints in the decoration of the Parthenon, and later in adorning the luxurious villas of Pompeii, were profound students of their art. The one needful caution to us is not to forget the differences of circumstances then and now, especially the climatic contrasts of Greece and Italy and our colder,

and more somber skies, which compel a less free out-door life, and drive us to cuddle round our radiators and grates to many months of the year. A brilliant Pompeian wall, luxurious with color and with figures, seems entirely in accord with the bright skies, the transparent atmosphere, and the pervading spirit of a fashionable watering-place in Southern Italy during the Augustan age; but to transfer this style of decoration to the interiors of our town residences, where we are compelled to look out upon the snow for many months together, and where the sun seldom greets us with more than a feeble, sickly light, may introduce contrasts which are entirely too violent to yield the best results.

DELACROIX AND CHOPIN.

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER, in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, has drawn upon Madame Dudevant's "Impressions et Souvenirs" for a delightful picture of Chopin and Delacroix in their respective arts. The extract is thus finely prefaced:

"Delacroix, fine conversationalist as he could be, and expansive as he appears in the passage to which I allude was only so among those few intimate and proven friends who had a right to be his intellectual equals. Exclusive and fastidious, believing as ever artist did, that 'the painter who courts popularity closes the door on his own genius,' averse to society, save in those elegant circles where feminine tact exercises its divine right of melting all rebellious and discordant elements into an atmosphere of harmony and grace, or among his compeers in the artist world, Delacroix, in ordinary general society, appeared, when he did appear there at all, taciturn and reserved. He discouraged conversation in the studio, apart from that necessary to instruction, as a species of dissipation. 'Conversations on art or on subjects which most seriously concern artists,' said he, 'save among equals, when mind kindles mind with electric friction, is a giving away of one's self to unworthy receivers, or an exhaustive mental debauchery and loss of concentration, leading to nothing; to shake hands too often lowers the character.' This exclusionist was evidently of Robert Schumann's opinion. The artist should be as cheerful as a Grecian god, in his intercourse with life and men; but when

these dare to approach too near, he should disappear, leaving nothing but clouds behind him.' Chopin, charming, fanciful, witty, as he could be at times, was, by nature, little of a conversationalist; few composers are. Why should they be so? Does not their speech begin where ordinary language ends? On the occasion described by Madam Dudevant, she and Delacroix had previously discussed the teachings of M. Ingres and the opinions of his disciples, repeated in our day by the Cabanellists and the Académie, the eternal subject of rule and exception, classic and romantic, tradition and originality; both friends, however, being on one side of the question, as we might expect from their characters."

And here begins Madame Dudevant's account of the interview:

"Delacroix said, 'M. Ingres thinks that light was made to embellish, he does not perceive that it was intended to animate. He has studied with very delicate precision the smallest effects of light on marbles, gold, drapery; he has only forgotten one thing, reflection; he does not seem to suspect that every thing in nature is reflection, and that all color is an exchange of this. He has scattered over all objects that have posed before him little compartments of sunshine that seem to have been daguerreotyped; but there is neither sun-light nor air in any of them. The livid and tarnished sides of an old wall by Rembrandt are rich in a very different manner from this prodigality of tones, pasted on objects that he never succeeds in uniting by means of the necessary reflections, and which consequently remain cold, isolated, and harsh. Observe that what is harsh is always cold!' Chopin joined us at my door, and we ascended the stairs disputing about the 'Stratonice' of Ingres. Chopin does not like that picture, because its figures are affected and void of any genuine emotion; but the finish of the painting pleases him. Chopin and Delacroix love each other, I may say tenderly. They possess many affinities of character and the same grand qualities of mind and heart. But in their respective arts, Delacroix understands and adores Chopin, but Chopin does not understand Delacroix. He respects, esteems, cherishes the man, but detests him as a painter. Delacroix, whose faculties are more varied, appreciates and understands music, in which art his taste is just

exquisite. He is never tired of listening to Chopin, he enjoys him, knows him by heart. Chopin accepts and is touched by this homage, but when he looks at one of his friend's pictures he suffers, and has not a word to say. Infinite are his wit, finesse, sarcasm, yet he cares not for painting or sculpture. Michael Angelo frightens him, Rubens makes his flesh creep. All that is eccentric scandalizes him, and he shuts himself up in the narrowest proprieties. Strange anomaly! for his own genius is the most original and individual existing. But he does not like to be told so. It is true that the revolutionary Delacroix's literary taste is as classic and formal as can well be imagined. It is useless to dispute with them; I listen, but at last Maurice [her son] broke the ice. He begs Delacroix to explain the mysteries of reflection, and Chopin listens, his eyes enlarged with surprise. The master establishes a comparison between the tones of painting and those of music. 'Harmony in music, we know, does not merely consist of the existence of chords; but in their relations, connections, logical successions, all that I may be allowed to term their auditory reflections. Painting can not proceed otherwise. Let us take the blue cushion and this red cover. Place them side by side. You see that where the two tones touch, they borrow from each other, red is tinted with blue, blue is flushed with red, and between them they produce violet. Crowd the most violent tones into a picture, but if you give them the reflections that unite them, you will never appear loud. Is nature sober in color? Does she not overflow with glaring, audacious, ferocious oppositions, that yet never destroy her harmony? It is because she enchains every thing by means of reflections. You may pretend to suppress these in painting, but the result is somewhat inconvenient; you suppress painting itself.' Maurice observes that the science of reflections is the most difficult in the world. 'No,' replies the master, 'it as simple as good-day, and can be explained like two and two make four. The reflection of one color on another invariably produces a third.' 'But how about the re-reflection?' demands the scholar. 'Whew, Maurice, how you run on! You ask too much for one day!' The re-reflection launches us out into infinity, as Delacroix knows, yet he can not explain what

he is still in search of, and which he has owned to me he has sometimes found rather through inspiration than by means of science. He can teach the grammar of his art, but genius is not to be communicated to others, and there are unsounded mysteries in color-tones produced by relations which are nameless and do not exist on any palette. Chopin has ceased to listen, has seated himself at the piano-forte, and now does not perceive that we are listening to him. He improvises at random, and then pauses. 'Well,' asks Delacroix, 'surely you have not finished?' 'I had not yet commenced; nothing will come, nothing but shadows, reliefs, reflections, that I can not fix. I seek the color, I can not even find the design.' Delacroix replies, 'You can not find

one without the other, consequently you will find them together.' 'But suppose I should find nothing but moonlight?' 'Ah, then,' exclaims Maurice, 'you will have found the reflection!' This fancy pleases our divine composer. He takes up his idea again without appearing to recommence, so uncertain and vague is his first sketch. Our eyes seem to behold the soft tints corresponding to the bland modulations which are received by our ears. Blue! We float in the transparent azure of night. Light clouds assume every form of fancy; they fill the sky; they close round the moon; she throws out great opaline discs and awakens the softly sleeping colors. We dream of a Summer night, we await the nightingale!"

NATURE.

HOW THE WEBS IN OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS ARE OBTAINED.—

Mr. M. Matthew Williams, in a recent lecture before the London Society of Arts, thus describes the method of procuring the webs or fine hair-lines used in telescopes: In the Autumn the mathematical instrument-maker goes on his spider-hunting expedition, generally on Sundays. He carries some pill-boxes in his pocket, selects well-fed, full-grown, specimens, and puts each in a separate box, knowing the savage habits of his six-legged friends; for, if two or more were put together in the same box, only a collection of amputated limbs and mangled bodies would be found on returning home. The webs are secured for use and storage by making a fork of iron wire, four or five inches long, and one and a half to two inches between the bifurcations. The spider is held in the left hand and allowed to drop, which he readily does when dissatisfied with his quarters, but before falling he glues an end of cord to the finger and then lets himself down easily by gradually spinning it out and hanging by it as it lengthens. The instrument-maker catches this cord across his fork, and by turning attaches it to one side; then he goes on turning the fork and advancing it, so that as the spider continues paying out his cable, a series of obliquely crossing threads are wound upon the fork,

which when charged, is carefully laid in a box or drawer for use. The elasticity of the iron wire keeps the webs sufficiently stretched, and they are applied to the "stop" by simply laying the fork over it in such wise that one of the stretched webs shall fall upon the mark made upon its face. When thus in position, a drop of varnish or glue, made by dissolving shellac in alcohol, is let fall upon each side; the spirit rapidly evaporates and the web is fixed.

WHAT IS THE ZODIACAL LIGHT?—This glowing archway across the skies, seen so frequently at this time of the year shortly after sunset, writes a correspondent of the *Providence Journal*, is one of the astronomical puzzles that men of science are zealously trying to pull to pieces. Thus far their efforts have been unsuccessful, and the unpracticed observer who looks with simple wonder and admiration upon the elliptical glow in the evening sky knows almost as much of its constitution and mission in the divine economy as the wisest astronomer in the land. Various are the theories that have been advanced to account for the presence of this intruder on terrestrial domain. Some observers consider it a ring of matter revolving round the earth; others look upon it as a collection of minute particles of meteoric or cometic matter traveling around the

sun in very eccentric orbits. More recent and more searching examination gives a far grander explanation of its origin, making the zodiacal light a continuation of the corona, and thus indicating a lenticular-shaped atmosphere of inconceivable rarity surrounding the sun and extending out near the plane of the ecliptic beyond the orbit of the earth. Our most thoughtful scientists do not accept this view; but suggest another even more sublime and awe-inspiring. It is that the whole space between the earth and sun is filled with immense clouds of meteoroids, and that the sunlight reflected on these cosmical atoms of floating star-dust is the cause of the soft celestial glow that now lingers evening after evening in our western sky.

GRAFTING EYES ON THE BLIND.—It is an established fact of ocular science that there are large numbers of blind persons, blind because some part of the mechanism of the optic lobes is unable to respond to the influence of light. This is often the case when no imperfection exists in the muscles or nervous channel of communication to the brain. It is also true that when a finger has been entirely severed from the hand, by accident or otherwise, if taken in season, replaced and properly held in position, it will, if skillfully treated, result in union. The process of skin grafting is also common in surgery. So in the transfusion of blood from the veins of the healthy person to those of the sick. A gentleman writes to one of the scientific periodicals inquiring why, the proper conditions being observed, a sound, healthy eye could not be grafted on the muscles and nerves which have previously been severed from the imperfect eye. The difficulty of inducing a contribution of sound eyes at once occurs; but this the writer meets by a suggestion, startling to say the least, but yet worth thinking about. He states that there are annually, and, indeed, almost weekly, numbers of criminals put to death by capital punishment. Whatever may be said as to the moral condition of these criminals, it is certain that their physical condition is usually good. The question is raised as to whether these unfortunate persons possess any thing, that may become useful to the humanity they have outraged. In this connection it is suggested that instead of

the barbarous mode of executing criminals by strangulation, that they be put to death by means of chloroform or ether, which would be far more human and civilized. This being done, "could not," the writer asks, "the person who is blind be placed under the influence of ether at the same time, and the transfer be effected before life becomes extinct on the part of the criminal?" As a matter of course, doubtless, many patient and delicate experiments would have to be performed before the plan could be brought to success.

SEASICKNESS.—Of the many annoyances to which the traveling public is subject seasickness is, perhaps, the most distressing. A perfect cure for this malady would rob ocean travel of half its terrors. No drug, however, has been discovered which acts as a specific. The cause of the sickness is largely, if not wholly due to the involuntary and unexpected motions to which the passenger is subjected while on board ship. These cause undue pressure upon the stomach and liver, and derange the action of these organs. To prevent this, attention has been recently called to an old plan, which is said to be very successful. It consists in regulating the act of breathing according to the pitching or rolling of the vessel, drawing in the breath as she rises, and exhaling it as she falls into the trough of the waves. After a little experience the practice, it is said, becomes involuntary. When seasickness has fairly set in the only thing to be done is to get rid of the extra bile thrown into the circulation; and to allay the irritation of the stomach. For the latter cool refreshing drinks are good.

A SHOWER OF POLLEN.—An uncommonly heavy shower of pollen occurred in the Lehigh Valley of Pennsylvania, in March, connected with snow. As usual, the circumstance was widely telegraphed as a "shower of sulphur," a fair illustration of the persistence of error in the popular mind. Not a year passes without one, perhaps many, such falls of pollen in various parts of the country and every year the mistake of calling it sulphur is corrected in the most intelligent newspapers; but the delusion will not down. Under the microscope the yellow dust which fell in such abundance proved to be pollen of the southern pine, probably brought by the storm from the pine forests of Virginia, or perhaps the Carolinas

or Georgia. The blossoms of the Pennsylvania pines were probably not far enough advanced at that date to furnish the quantity of pollen observed.

THE POISON OF SERPENTS.—Some interesting observations have been made on the poison of serpents by M. Lacerda, in the physiological laboratory at Rio Janeiro, and which have led the experimenter to conclude that, in some cases at least, the venom of snakes contains an organized ferment, presenting some analogies to bacteria. M. Lacerda states that a drop of

poison removed from a rattlesnake under the influence of chloroform, and examined under the microscope, appear as "a species of filamentous protoplasmic matter, consisting of a cellular aggregation disposed in plant-like forms." Similar phenomena were observed in the blood of animals that had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and it was found that such blood was capable of setting up the same change in the blood of other animals when injected beneath the skin, and that this change in its consistency was always followed by the death of the animal.

RELIGIOUS.

PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION OF THE ENGLISH CLERGY.—Under present English law no clergyman of the Established Church is allowed to sit in the Lower House of Parliament. Bishops may and do sit in the House of Lords, but the Commons have by degrees absorbed so much of substantial power that this can avail little to the Church. Even if it could avail much, the clergy, as a class, would have an imperfect representation in the bishops whose interests are not always their interests, and with whom they are not unfrequently at odds in grave questions. It is permitted unto Dissenting preachers to sit in the Commons in any number, and in the entire body of Protestants, one small group of eminent Scotch peers excepted, clergymen of the Established Church are the only class of ministers who are denied the privilege. A bill allowing clergymen without benefices to enter Parliament if electors should send them there, was recently rejected in the House of Commons by a vote of 135 to 66. This decision does not, however, silence the friends of the petition, and there is a growing sentiment in England that if the State Church is to hold its place some right in legislation must be given it. The Church of Rome in the chief countries on the Continent long ago recognized the importance of representation in state legislative bodies, and besides cardinals and bishops in the senates, a few priests are regularly sent to the Lower Chambers. A late number of the *Spectator* takes ground on this side of the question, and remarks that, to the English Church, if it is to

stand, some right to bring its creeds and formulas up to the standard of the modern world, through internal legislation, must at last be conceded.

ROMISH MIRACLES AT A DISCOUNT.—The recent revelations at Mayningen in Prussia will not be likely to prejudice favorably the German Protestant world against Roman Catholicism. Though we had become accustomed to question any miraculous pretensions Romanists may make profession of, we had not been altogether blunted against conviction in behalf of the truth. But the Mayningen scandal which involves five priests and twenty laymen, and accuses them of grossly deceiving the ignorant masses by an alleged miraculous appearance of the Virgin, is about as much of a stumbling-block as we need to have to bar us for evermore from putting any more faith in Romish pretensions. The day of miraculous manifestations may or may not be past, but it's surely beyond the night of Roman Catholic darkness.

EGYPTIAN INFLUENCE ON BIBLE NAMES.—The relation of Hebrew and Egyptian has been a subject of frequent inquiry and given rise to unending speculation. The Book of *Job* has been made out an Egyptian novel, the pentateuch an Egyptian legal compilation, and we hardly know what has not been accounted for in the Old Testament as of Egyptian origin. But however slight this over-estimated influence may have been, it is undeniable that Hebrew names of the Mosaic Age are largely to be traced back to Egypt, and

why should not the names of the Hebrews have been taken from prevailing customs? Very reasonably, therefore, the proper name of the Hebrew lawgiver, Moses, has been admitted to be Egyptian, and recognized in the name Mes, Messu, Messin, not unusual under the empire, which means, "born, brought forth, child." Dr. Brugach has lately proposed Mesha, or, as he reads it, Mosha, which is of common occurrence, and is found in the name of a place in Egypt, this island or "coast of Mesha." There is no Hebrew derivation for Aaron or Miriam. Aaron has an Egyptian sound. Miriam may be Mere (t) "beloved," with a Hebrew termination. Phinehas (Pinehas), is not "mouth of brass," which is doubtful etymologically, and not sense,—but Pinehas, "the negro," an Egyptian name, no doubt, applied to dark men. Harnepher, whose name occurs in apparently the sixth generation from Asher (1 Chron. vii, 36) is evidently Harnefer, "Horus the good," which is to be preferred to Gesenius's startling conjecture that it may be Neharnepher, from a Hebrew root "to snore," and a Syriac, "to pant."

ANOTHER PROFESSOR FOR SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.—That was surely a lucky day for the university, when brother Curtis's sermon was succeeded by an offer of Mrs. Sophronia Morehouse, of Liverpool, New York, to donate thirty thousand dollars for the endowment of a professorship; and she made assurance doubly sure by the prompt payment of one-sixth of the whole subscription at the time of the subscription, and by the complete fulfillment of her obligation when it came due recently. We know nothing whatever of this good woman, but we should be tempted to draw her portrait by representing a female head with a more than usual allowance of common sense, enthusiasm for the true, the good, and the beautiful, and that true modesty which so adorns woman. Evidently she has given all that she hath, for the donation is qualified by an allowance to her during life.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY WELL REMEMBERED.—The late Asa Otis, of New London, Connecticut, must have been of Puritan descent; none other could have such thorough appreciation of the missionary work done by America as to endow the American Board of Foreign Missions with the handsome sum

of half a million, or even more. We have heard it said that a man was n't worth much without a wife. Otis was a bachelor, and had lived nearly a century of celibate life, for he was born about 1790, and yet he knew enough to put his money where it might do the most good. Hereafter we do n't care to hear an unkind word about bachelors, young or old.

HOW THE ROTHSCHILDS FAVOR JUDAISM.—A number of the Rothschilds have gone out of the Synagogue and embraced the faith of the Church, and yet the old love for the people of Israel continues to well up in the hearts of all of them, and there are no better champions for the cause of Judaism than they. Baron Gustave, whose home is in Paris, and who is yet in the Synagogue, but after all no more of a Jew than those of the family who have already abandoned the old faith publicly, has given new evidence of his love for Israel by the founding of a school for Hebrew children to be called, *L'Ecole Gustave de Rothschild*.

MISCELLANEA.—The new educational bill of Belgia provides that for the future religious instruction shall be imparted in the schools of that country by the ministers of the different denominations in person. A room is to be set apart for them in each school, and there they will be free to come daily and teach religion as long as they please, either before or after class hours; but they will no longer be suffered to interfere with the lay teacher's work. And they will cease to have any control over the schools as inspectors. An additional clause of the bill provides for the establishment of three new normal schools (there are already two), and enacts that all teachers desirous of being appointed to State or communal schools must graduate in these establishments.

—The Wesleyan Conference of New Zealand reports in that distant land 150 churches, 116 preaching places, 203 local preachers, 149 class-leaders, 3,190 members, 433 probationers, 474 catechists, and 139 Sunday-schools, with 11,147 scholars. The average attendance at public worship during the year was 29,540.

—A year or two ago a number of peasant families in Bohemia withdrew from the Roman Catholic Church and became Protestants. They did not unite with either of the two Protestant bodies recognized by the govern-

ment of Austria, because they do not make confession a requisite to membership. They call themselves *Evangelicals*, and meet together frequently for worship, but the police on nearly every occasion disperse them, and they have been frequently fined.

—The Irish Episcopalians have learned with disappointment that the government does not intend to make any provision for the divinity school of the Church, hitherto connected with the University of Dublin. As both Roman Catholic and Presbyterian divinity schools have received help from the government toward their endowments, the Episcopal-

ians feel that they have been badly treated. Their grievance is to be presented for ratification in a bill in Parliament.

—Several of the State Churches in Berlin have, within a year or two, chosen Rationalistic pastors; but in every case the Brandenburg Consistory has set the election aside. The Parish of St. Elizabeth having chosen Pastor Leu, a Rationalist, the Consistory has vetoed the call, and notified the Church that unless it selects a suitable pastor by May 1st, the Consistory will proceed to do it itself. Some of the Rationalists are advocating a secession from the State Church.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

GYPSY MUSIC.—Of all social anomalies the gypsies are the least explicable. Europe and America, Asia, and even Africa, can boast their presence, if their presence is a thing worth boasting of. The ordinary gypsy tramp is surely far from interesting; but then there are gypsies whose presence is enchanting, and whose history attracts, and attracts greatly. Austria would lose half of her picturesqueness if the gypsy camps, that so largely fill its Transylvanian borders and the Hungarian kingdom, should break up forever. The country inns along the road-sides would vainly invite the passing traveler to halt for a refreshing within the gate, and the wild but charming strains of Czigany music died away, there would not remain in those places the shadow of an attraction. A recent English traveler most charmingly narrates, in the *Temple Bar*, of London, his entertainment by one of these bands at Pesth. "One evening," he writes "the porter informed us that a gypsy band would perform in the restaurant of the hotel at seven o'clock. 'Ladies must hear the Cziganyis,' he said, for he spoke a little, a very little English, making up any deficiency by shouting out the words at the top of his voice, 'Czigany music good, very good, very jolly.' At the hour stated, therefore, we took possession of a little table, and, ordering coffee, awaited the musicians. To our disappointment they came in commonplace, every-day garments, and looks to match. About a dozen of them sat

down to a round table in the middle of the room, and with very little tuning or other preparation, and totally without written notes, began. What a wonderful story the music told. First, a slow, mournful minor lament, occasionally sweeping over all the strings into an indignant cry. Then an expressive pause, followed by a loud, wild, martial burst, as though sorrow were merged in daring. Finally, a triumphant march, broken here and there by a sweet, sad, strain, as if grief, long borne, must still set its stamp on happier inspiration. The czardasz, or dances, were the most stirring of all. The national dance is, we were told, a sort of ballet, more or less expressive, according to the histrionic power of the performers. Of course, the subject is the everlasting tale of 'wooing and winning,' and the music certainly illustrates it admirably. There is the lingering, appealing tenderness of the soft commencement, then a hurried passionate movement of impetuous urging, the angry grief of a repulse, the repetition of the first slow sweetness, and then a rapturous finale, ending with a grand harmonious crash! The instruments were violins, violoncellos, great viols—the whole tribe in all grades—and one curious instrument something like a cithern, only larger, and of fuller, richer tone. The marvel is how these men can play each a separate part with such admirable precision and expression, without a written note to guide them. The spirit, the extraordinary unanimity of

their performance was wonderful. Yet they are ignorant wanderers, to all appearance gifted with only one talent—the most extraordinary instinct for music, wild, natural music, an instinct, which, perhaps, regular training would annihilate. They were rapturously applauded, and liberally repaid, to judge from the plateful of small silver which was handed to us for our contribution."

THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.—We have heard and read a great deal in recent years about the wonderful growth of the English language and its adaptation to the wants of all mankind, and more still about the likelihood of its universal adoption by mankind. But Mr. Nicholson, the learned librarian of the London Institution, seems to have found barriers against such a desirable consummation, and points out what steps must first be taken if we really hope to secure such an end. He says that English, having many phases of it strictly colonial, must be expected in time to break up into European, American, Australian, New Zealand, Indian, and African varieties, which would become distinct languages. There was only one way to prevent this—by settling a standard pronunciation and having it taught in every English school. Such a standard could only be settled by an authority commanding higher and more general respect than any now existing; and the lecturer urged the formation of an English academy, composed of the leading philologists, speakers (whether in Parliament, the bar, the pulpit, or on the stage), writers, and elocutionists—a body whose judgments would have all the weight needed. Such an academy would also deal with the coming question of spelling, and might exercise a decisive influence in favor of a pure English as against a Romance and Latin style. Phonetic spelling, though rational and inevitable, ought to be preceded by uniformity of pronunciation, or English would at once be broken up into written as well as spoken dialects; but if the two reforms went hand in hand, the only rule for spelling would be pronunciation, and the only rule for pronunciation spelling. The result of such uniformity would be that the English race, holding the three great emigrant fields of the present and future, North America, Australasia, and South Africa, which would one day be occupied by

one billion inhabitants of European descent, would, in the end, give the world a universal speech, which would be the surest pledge of universal harmony and progress.

THE FIRST ICE TO CALCUTTA.—It is half a century since Mr. Tudor, an enterprising merchant of Boston, thought that he might make money if he forwarded a cargo of ice to Calcutta. Before that gentleman undertook the venture a little natural ice was obtained at a place about forty miles from the capital of Bengal. Shallow troughs were dug in the ground, pans of porous earthenware were placed therein, a layer of straw being interposed between the bottom of the pan and the ground, and a little water was poured into each pan. If the wind blew from the north-west during the night, the water in the pans would be frozen before the morning. This ice fetched a high price in the market. In 1833 there was no longer any necessity for resorting to this process for getting it, as in that year Mr. Tudor's first ship sailed up the Hooghly with a cargo of ice on board. The cargo was sold in the market for threepence per pound. Since that day the export of ice from Boston has become a regular and most profitable branch of trade.

HOW LONG DOES THE ODOR OF SPICES REMAIN?—This question is now answered by an interesting archaeological observation which has recently been made quite accidentally. It is well known that the urns found in Roman burial-grounds, and containing the bone remains of cremated bodies, are often covered with clay cups or dishes. The object of these dishes was supposed to have been to contain spices which sent forth agreeable odors during the progress of the cremation. Herr Dahler, a well known German archaeologist, was able to verify this view in the following manner: He had obtained a dish of this kind which was broken, and, after cementing it, had placed it upon a stove for the purpose of drying the cement. Shortly afterward he noticed a strong and by no means unpleasant odor proceeding from the heated dish. It seems, therefore, that the ingredients burned in the dish some fifteen centuries ago had left traces behind, which announced their presence upon becoming heated. Herr Dahler remarks that the odor was not unlike that of storax.

OCEAN TELEGRAPHY.—Can it be possible that twenty-five years have gone since the *cable* was first proposed? It only seems as of yesterday, that whole project with its complicated connections and conditions. How many *ifs* there were in the project! Who thought then that in a quarter of a century the whole world would speak together not only by signs, but even audibly, at almost unmeasured distance? We even now think of bottling speech for future reference and edification. There possibly Mr. Cyrus W. Field opened a vein for discussion; for it is still an open question whether it may prove agreeable to have the voice of your scolding wife or the fretful baby's midnight cries uncorked for symphony entertainment at some agreeable *musical*, that we had designed for our sisters, our cousins, and our aunts. But whatever untoward results the cable invention may have brought us, the fact remains that the application of electricity to the improvement of human conditions is principally the result of American thought. If Francis Bacon by his inductive philosophy, first set men to thinking in the right direction, and showed how much more profitable it was to consider material phenomena in their relations to mind than to spend life in the fruitless discussion of the nature of mind over which philosophers had buried themselves for centuries, it was for the New World to reap the greatest practical results of his way of thinking, and to confer through Franklin and Morse, and the hundreds who have succeeded them, the greatest material benefits on the world. The great project of ocean telegraphy originated with Cyrus W. Field, and he was entitled to a twenty-five year jubilee. How

strangely he was led to the enterprise! In his speech, treating of the history of the enterprise, he tells us how, while studying the scheme of connecting Newfoundland with the mainland, the thought came to him, "Why not carry the line across the ocean?" A few friends who had some faith and more money were led to form a company and furnish him the needed capital for the undertaking. In 1855 an ineffectual attempt was made to lay a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A gale caused the loss of the cable. But in 1856 it was accomplished. In 1857 the spanning of the Atlantic was undertaken under the personal supervision of its projector. Twice the attempt met with absolute failure. But Field could not be so easily conquered. A third time he tried and succeeded. A few words flashed across the successfully laid cable, and the whole world shouted; but ere yet the echo of the first shout of praise and joy had died away the cable had parted and our hope was unsatisfied. Then came the civil war. In 1865, when peaceful days made the repetition of the scheme possible, Field tried anew, but again there was failure after over twelve hundred miles had been lost. But again he tried, and this time to succeed at last. In 1866 the two continents were united, and the former cable was likewise fished from a depth of two miles and joined to the western shores of the Atlantic. The labors of Hercules indeed! Mr. Field, in his great enterprise, *crossed the ocean nearly fifty times*. His perseverance conquered. And now ocean telegraphy unites all continents, and brings the East and the West together. Europe and Asia, with their youngest sister, America, talk around one fireside.

LITERATURE.

GREATNESS seems to have come to Prince Bismarck, as by a kind of destiny. Probably he lacked none of the native elements of character that are the prerequisites for future achievement, and the opportunities for their development were not wanting. At some other times, not very remote from his own, he might have lived and died in obscurity. But it fell to his lot to be at the head of German affairs at the most momentous period of his

country's history, and to conduct his fatherland through a rapid series of progressive revolutions to a greatness of which few but himself had dreamed as among things possible, and in this process he has himself become the most conspicuous figure of his age. And there is good reason to believe that with the lapse of time his fame will increase rather than diminish. The last and rarest advantage of the really great, now at length comes to

him in the shape of a chronicler, who accompanied him, in close contact with his person, during the late Franco-German war, and who with the scent of a Boswell, gathered up his every-day sayings and doings, which he details with all the naturalness and perspicuity of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. Greater men than Agamemnon, the Roman poet tells us, lived and died before the days of the conqueror of ancient Troy of whom the later world never heard, because they had no bard to celebrate their heroism; but Bismarck is in no danger from that source. It has, however, sometimes happened that men of great public reputations have been, as to their personal qualities and their private life, very little known. But from even that contingency the name of Bismarck is in very little danger, and it seems probable that his private history will be quite as well known hereafter as his public career.

Of all this we have the pledge in the recently published volumes, giving an interior view of his personal movements with the German army in France, during the war of 1870-71,* drawn up by one who was all the time at his side, sharing his quarters and eating at his table (when they had a table to eat at), and being admitted to the last degrees of his confidence and intimacies. The writer evidently possessed to a remarkable degree the qualities that fitted him to make the most of his opportunities: keen powers of perception, a most retentive memory, and great facilities for delineation; while his almost idolatrous admiration of his great subject specially fitted him for that exalted appreciation of the things about which he writes, and this gives to the whole narrative great vivacity and a remarkable apparent truthfulness. The whole story is a succession of photographs, realistic, forcible, but not always elegant, yet such as to give clear and easily understood pictures of things as they occurred.

The translator has done his work faithfully, copying not only the author's matter but his manner also, giving us the original in clear and forcible English, but marred with quite too many colloquialisms and inelegant expres-

sions. A decided excellence is the giving of weights, measures, and moneys, in their English equivalents. The work will no doubt be widely read and awaken a lively interest.

THE seventh of the series of *English Men of Letters* has for its subject DANIEL DEFOE,* who, if measured by the amount of his writings, is certainly entitled to a prominent place in his class. As a *litterateur* he belonged to an earlier and a less favorable stage of the transition period in English literature than that of Johnson and Goldsmith, and he suffered accordingly greater difficulties and privations than they; and because he had decided political convictions, and as the day of political persecutions had not yet passed, he was all his life long a victim to the petty annoyances and proscriptions of the tyranny of weaklings in high places. Though not a profound statesman he was keen to detect great principles, which his practical turn of mind at once brought into use, and as his sympathies were always with the toiling multitudes rather than the favored few, he was, of course, a man to be feared by the partisans of the oppressors, and, therefore, his unanswerable pleadings for the rights of the people were answered by frowns and proscriptions and persecutions.

In Defoe's times there was a form of the liberty of the press that does not now exist, for then, as is not now the case, any one could write his pamphlet and throw it upon the book trade, with a pretty good assurance that if it had any real merit it would be bought and read, and in that way it is said Defoe issued about two hundred pamphlets. His *Robinson Crusoe*, by which he is best known, was written when he was nearly sixty years old, a pure fiction, and yet wonderfully self-consistent in all its parts, and true to nature; and his "Journal of the Plague in London" (1665), commonly supposed to be entirely fictitious. As a narrative it is the most terribly life-like picture of that fearful visitation that has ever been written.

In this little biography the writer seems desirous to be just to his subject, but without a particle of bias or one-sidedness. A pretty

* BISMARCK in the Franco-German War, 1870-1871. Authorized Translation from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch. In Two Volumes (8vo. Pp. 364, 347). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.00.

* ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by John Morley. *Daniel Defoe*. By William Minto. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 167. Cloth, 75 cents.

full and just view is given of the state of affairs during the author's times in London and in England and throughout Europe, which is not an especially flattering one. Thanks are due to the editor of the series, for the selection of the name of Defoe for a place in his gallery of pictures, and to the writer, for the ability and fidelity with which he has performed his duties.

LOWER Egypt, the forks of the Red Sea, the Desert of Sinai, and the borders of Canaan, constitute an area that has been subjected within the recent past to an unusual amount of learned study and exploration. Without making a specialty of the subject we have read within the last few years among others the records of Dean Stanley and Palmer and Macgregor and Ridgway and Schaff, which list comprises but a part of the extensive recently produced literature of the subject. But this abundance of valuable matter is widely scattered through many volumes, and has seemed to need to be digested and condensed into a symmetrical unity; and at length, that work has been undertaken, and, we judge, satisfactorily executed by a competent hand, President S. C. Bartlett, of Dartmouth College, whose work entitled *From Egypt to Palestine*,* has just been issued by the Harpers. President Bartlett, with three others, undertook the journey across the Desert, and along the Sinaitic portion of the journeyings of the Israelites, with the definite purpose of solving a number of disputed questions, and of harmonizing, as far as might be, the various and sometimes variant accounts of previous investigators. His studies of the modern literature of the subject seem to have been both broad and judiciously chosen, and his personal observations were evidently carefully and intelligently made. As the result we have a thoroughly prepared résumé of the best results of the various modern studies and explorations of this deeply interesting field—the whole, considered in its relations to the Scriptural history of the Exodus. The book is, indeed, a manual of Sinaitic explorations and investiga-

tions, giving in brief, yet clearly and intelligently the substance of a large number of valuable books of travels. Of the entire competence of the author to accomplish the work undertaken by him there seems to be no room for doubt; and he appears to have devoted to every part of it the utmost care and conscientious painstaking. That such a book was needed, less to bring out new matter than properly to arrange that already in hand, has for some time been evident, and to that want this book responds very satisfactorily.

THE "Epochs of Modern History," issued in this country by the Scribners, extending to thirteen volumes, make a very valuable library. The companion series on "Ancient History," now grown to six volumes, promises to be quite as valuable, which is saying much for it. The last published volume covers that remarkable and strange period in the latter days of the empire known as the "Age of the Antonines,"* extending over nearly the whole of the second century of our era, with its five good emperors, Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, during which period of comparative toleration, Christianity became widely diffused and deeply rooted throughout the empire. Besides the personal sketches of the several emperors, and the stories of their times, there are four chapters, comprising more than a third part of the volume devoted to the "times,"—the attitude of Imperial Government toward the Christians, The State Religion, the Literature of the Age, and the Administrative Forms of Government. Altogether this is a pleasant and valuable book, the equal of any of its fellows.

It is a wise exercise for one who has so long and so ably spoken to the public through the periodical press, as has Mr. Gladstone, to become his own editor, by carefully revising what he has written, and bringing them together in the form of books. And it must be an agreeable exercise for such a man, in the evening time of a busy and eventful life, to review thus thoroughly and practically the thoughts and utterances of former times, and

*FROM EGYPT TO PALESTINE, through Sinai, the Wilderness and the South Country. Observations of a Journey made with Reference to the History of the Israelites. By S. C. Bartlett, D. D., LL. D., President of Dartmouth College. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 553.

*EPOCHS OF ANCIENT HISTORY. The Roman Empire of the Second Century; or, the Age of the Antonines. By W. W. Capes, M. A. Late Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. With two maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 18mo. Pp. 226. Price \$1.00.

to fight his battles over again, without either the passions or perils of their original enactment. We may not be glad of Mr. Gladstone's enforced retirement from the head of the government of Great Britain, but no small compensation for that loss to his country and the world is found in the leisure thus afforded for increased literary labor, both original and editorial. Of the latter class are the two little volumes of "Gleanings,"* recently issued by the Scribners simultaneously with their appearance in England. The first of these is made up first, of matters relating to the prince consort, an address delivered at Manchester soon after his decease, and three reviews of the successive volumes of his memoirs by Mr. Martin; and next of three articles from the *Nineteenth Century* on "The County Franchise;" and lastly, of "Kin beyond the Sea," which appeared in the *North American Review*, for last September. The second volume has seven articles, all biographical, to-wit: "Elanco White" (*Quarterly Review*, June 1845), "Giacomo Leopardi" (*Ibid.*, March, 1850), "Tennyson" (*Ibid.*, October, 1859), "Wedgewood" (from "Lives of the Engineers"), "Bishop Patterson" (*London Quarterly*, October, 1874), "Macaulay" (*Quarterly Review*, July, 1876), and "Norman Macleod" (*Church of England Quarterly*, July, 1876). Of course these comprise but a very small part of what their author has written of much the same character; nor does the rationale of their selection appear. To criticise or characterize either Mr. Gladstone's writings or his character and career is not at all necessary; these are read and known of all men who give any attention to passing events. For forty years he has been a conspicuous figure in the affairs of his own country, and both his influence and his fame have gone out into all the world. He has been a commanding force in the statesmanship, civilization, and literature of the age, and probably beyond that of any one of his contemporaries his name and his influence will descend to posterity.

Since the above was written two more volumes of the series, with the same general title,

*GLEANINGS OF PAST YEARS—1843-1878: By the Right Honorable William E. Gladstone, M. P. Vol. I. The Throne and Prince Consort; The Cabinet and Constitution. Vol. II. Personal and Literary. III. Historical and Speculative. IV. Foreign. Square 16mo.

have been published by the same house that issued the former two. Volume III is made up of: I. The Theses of Erastus; II. Ecce Homo (in two parts); III. Courses of Religious Thought; IV. The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion; V. Rejoinder on Same Subject. Volume IV has: I. First Letter on Neapolitan Persecutions; II. Second Letter III. Examination of the Reply; IV. States of the Church; V. Germany, France, and England; VI. The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem; VII. Montenegro; VIII. Aggressions on Egypt and the Freedom of the East. Readers of English periodicals will recognize most of these as old acquaintances; but they will deserve the more permanent setting in which they now appear. Mr. Gladstone is, indeed, second to no man, as at once the representative of the best opinions and sentiment of his age, and the most worthy teacher of that which is to follow.

THE "Professor of German Literature in Cornell University," Boyesen, is a prolific book-maker, as his publishers' announcements for the last few years attest, and, as well, the list of book titles appended to his name on the title-page of this, his last issue. In the prosecution of the regular duties of his professorship he had to deal with Goethe and Schiller, with both of which authors he seems to have become decidedly fascinated. He has now embodied and condensed his lectures on these subjects, so as to present both of them in a single, moderate-sized volume.* The writer's literary and philosophical position is that of Cornell University, which is less that of this country than of Germany, and not so much that of Germany as it now is as of the Germany that was while the Tubingen school was in the ascendant. It is a fairly good book, and may be read for either recreation or instruction.

BIOGRAPHY is a very wide and fruitful field of literature, and religious biography is among its widest and most fruitful, and also its most varied departments. This was our reflection as we looked through the pages of the recently published Life of Rev. T. M. Eddy, by his cher-

*GOETHE AND SCHILLER. Their Lives and Works including a Commentary on Goethe's "Faust." By Hjalmar H. Boyesen, Professor, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo. pp. 424. \$2.00.

ished younger friend, Rev. Dr. C. N. Sims—a fine volume of nearly four hundred pages, carefully and, on the whole, judiciously compiled, though (as biographies should be) colored by the rosy glow of personal esteem.* Dr. Eddy was a man of the present time, a real, living character, in fullest sympathy with his age and environments; active, earnest, and of sufficient abilities to make his career in life worthy to be recorded and studied. To those who knew him by personal associations and contact, it is quite too soon for him to be simply the subject of a biography—he is still to us the living and breathing personality, not yet idealized, but remembered and felt, in his concrete personality. Though cut down in the high noon of life, yet because he began life's activity early, and had both a steadily active and yet a varied career, he seems to have lived a long time, and because of his great facility of adaptation, he certainly accomplished much, and his history is altogether deserving of the record here made of it. Such a work as this is only in part a publication. The great public has indeed a remote interest in it, and the general Church a more intimate one. His own denomination is closely and largely interested in it, and his personal friends and fellow-workers especially so. But to that narrower circle of endeared ones, to whom he was bound by the stronger, but tenderer, ties of friendship and love and kindred, it must long remain a sacred souvenir, to be cherished with a wealth of affection that must be felt to be appreciated. All of these classes of persons are to be congratulated in view of this production. The author has honored himself in honoring his departed friend.

Bishop Simpson's Introduction is all that such an article should be, creditable to the writer and worthy of the good name of the subject; but why should such a book, by such an author, have an "introduction?"

THE honored pastor of the "Broadway Tabernacle" (New York) must be a very industrious man, if his multitudinous works are to be received as witnesses; for, in addition to his very large pastorate and the editorship

of a weekly paper, he is sending out at not remote dates, a series of valuable and somewhat elaborate works, on Biblical biography; having heretofore written of Daniel the Beloved, and David the King, and Elijah the Prophet, and Peter the Apostle; and now he gives us *Moses the Lawgiver*.† As a subject for a complete characterization of real and elevated manhood,—in symmetrical greatness, both moral and intellectual, with varied incidents now heroic, and now romantic, with a high moral import and also a dash of the pathetic, no other name in all the annals of the world's history can equal that of the man who, born a slave, became the chief of the armies of Egypt in the times of its greatness, and its possible ruler, but chose rather to become the deliverer of his own people; for whom he endured an exile of forty years, and then, for forty years longer led that people in the wilderness, becoming the medium of divine revelations, and the organizer of a sacred commonwealth, and at last died, just as his life-long labors were culminating in success. His history, written by himself, is the story of the national advent of a people without a rival in the annals of the human race, and in that wonderful record we have an unapproachable life sketch of its hero and author. The presentation of this wonderful story in the form of a modern biographical review is timely, and not all at variance with our estimate of the unique value of the Scriptural record. The book is well written, and is an altogether worthy companion to its predecessors in the series.

THE author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family" is, indeed, a gifted chronicler, in her own vein and among her chosen specialties. Few writers' works have been more widely or highly appreciated. As often happens, her one greatest (not first) work remains unequaled by any of her later productions, and yet even these are eagerly sought for and read with delight. Her last subject is *Joan of Arc*,‡ told in her own peculiar style, by

* *MOSES THE LAWGIVER*. By Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 482. \$1.50.

† *JOAN THE MAID*, Deliverer of France and England; a Story of the Fifteenth Century, done into modern English. By the author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 12mo. Pp. 357.

* *THE LIFE OF REV. THOMAS M. EDDY, D. D.* By Charles N. Sims, D. D. With an Introduction by Rev. Bishop Simpson, D. D., LL. D. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

some English soldiers, who were serving in France at the time, and among the circumstances of the career of the wonderful "Maid." Though less powerful than some others of Mrs. Charles's romances, it is, nevertheless, a lively, pleasant, and pathetic story, fairly conformed to history, and full of tender religious sentiment.

A CURATE of an English (established) Church, impressed with the belief that the tendencies of modern religious thought demand recognition by those whose official duty it is to give it direction, undertakes the discussion of some of its chief points in nine Sunday afternoon discourses,* making some point in St. Paul's address at Athens the starting-point for each one of the series, the whole being designed to illustrate the relations of spiritual Christianity to some of the aspects of modern thought. The general purport of the whole is to bring out into clear view the mutual relations of religion and philosophy, especially in Greece and Rome, during the first Christian century, as throwing light on the same things as they exist at the present time. Though nothing new is elicited, yet some patent and well recognized facts and principles are brought out into view, and some valuable lessons are taught. The writer is a good thinker and a rather felicitous writer; and this little volume of discourses that are better adapted to the careful study of the reader than the more hasty thoughts of the hearer, presents briefly but somewhat comprehensively the line of argument by which the truths of spiritual religion must be vindicated in the presence of a merely intellectual skepticism. We could most devoutly wish that this little book might be read and its matter carefully considered by our rationalistic doubters, who still ask for the evidences of Christianity.

READERS of the *Atlantic Monthly* for the last year have recognized the story, extending in installments through most of the year, entitled "The Lady of the Arcoostook,"† and credited

*ST. PAUL AT ATHENS: Spiritual Christianity in Relation to some Aspects of Modern Thought. Nine sermons, preached in St. Stephen's Church, Westbourne Park. By Charles Shakespeare, B. A., Assistant Curate. With a Preface by the Rev. Canon Farrar, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo. Pp. 167. \$1.00.

†THE LADY OF THE ARCOOSTOOK. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo. Pp. 326.

to the editor of that magazine, Mr. W. D. Howells. Some perhaps read it up, as it appeared month by month, while others, and it may be presumed the more numerous half, waited for its completion before taking hold upon it. And now it is not only completed but the whole appears in the form of a book, from the "Riverside Press," and bearing the imprint of Houghton, Osgood & Co., all of which is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of its mechanical and artistic make-up. The story is eminently American, though much of its locale is foreign. The "Arcoostook" named is not the northern region of the State of Maine, but an American vessel, on which the heroine "Lady" was a passenger. Mr. Howells is literarily one of the purest writers that use the English language, and he also constructs an interesting romance that may be read to profit.

ANOTHER of the neat little series of Greek texts just now comes to hand, containing portions of Herodotus,—Stories, and the Seventh Book of his History.* Its typography makes the nearest possible approach to absolute perfection, while the editing as to both the text and the notes appears to be exceptionally well done. A graded course of classical Greek of special value, made up from Xenophon, Homer, and Herodotus, taken in this order, is offered, among other good things, in the numbers of this series,—a vast improvement of the text-books of only a few years ago.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & COMPANY have issued, in book form (12mo. pp. 270), Mr. Joseph Cook's Boston course of Lectures, entitled *Marriage*, fifth in the order of delivery and publication, with the accompanying "Preludes." The character of these lectures is too well known, and their value too highly appreciated, to leave room for criticism in a brief notice.

Tessa Wadsworth's Discipline, by Jennie M. Drinkwater (New York, Robert Carter & Brothers, 12mo. pp. 411), is a didactic story, only in its form a novel or romance, teaching virtue and good living by living examples, both positive and negative. In her former productions, "Only Ned," "Not Bread Alone,"

*STORIES FROM HERODOTUS, and the Seventh Book of his History, with English Notes. By Robert P. Keep, Ph. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. Pp. 338.

and "Fred and Jeanie," the fair authoress has won an excellent reputation, which will be augmented by this latest.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & COMPANY'S series of "Poems of Places," edited by Longfellow, has, for its twenty-fourth volume, *America—the Western States*. Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller figure largely in it; but besides these a large number of American bards and bardlings are drawn upon for matter, and also a few Europeans. (24mo. pp. 254.)

AMONG the later numbers of *Harpers' Half Hour Series*, (32mo.) we find: 93. Goldsmith's Plays—"She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Good-natured Man." (Pp. 212, 25 cts.) 94. "The Poems of Oliver Goldsmith." (Pp. 128, 20 cts.) 95. "Modern France." By G. M. Towle. (Pp. 141, 25 cts.) 96. "Our Village, Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery." By Mary Mitford. (Pp. 160, 25 cts.) 97. "Afghanistan." By A. G. Constable. (Pp. 70, 15 cts.) 98. "John, or Our Chinese Relations." By Thomas W. Knox. (Pp. 121, 25 cts.) 99. "The Awakening." By Katharine Macquoid. (15 cts.) 100. "Ballads of Battle

and Bravery." Selected by Gordon MacCabe. (Pp. 153, 25c.) 101. "Six Months in a Slaver," a True Narrative. By Edward Manning. (Pp. 128, 25 cts.) 102. "Healthy Houses." By Fleming Jenkins, F. R. S., adapted to American conditions by George Waring, Jr. (Pp. 122, 25 cts.)

OF the *Franklin Square Library* (quarto, triple columned), we have among the latest: No. 42. "The Last of His Line." (15 cts.) No. 43. "The Vixen," a novel. By M. E. Braddon. (15 cts.) No. 44. "Within the Precincts." By Mrs. Oliphant. (15 cts.) No. 45. "All or Nothing." By Frances Cashel Hoey. (15 cts.) No. 46. "Journal of the Plague in London." By Daniel Defoe. (10 cts.) No. 47. "The Grahams of Invernoy." By C. M. Stirling. No. 48. "Coward Conscience." By F. W. Robinson. No. 49. "The Cloven Foot." By M. E. Braddon. No. 50. "Quaker Cousins." By Agnes Macdonell. No. 51. "The Sherlocks." By John Saunders. No. 52. "That Artful Vicar." By the author of "The Member from Paris," etc. (15 cents each.)

EX CATHEDRA.

THE FLIGHT OF THE FREEDMEN.

THE latest act in the great historical drama of *The Colored Man in America*—perhaps it will prove to be only a small side-show—is the migration of considerable bodies of freedmen, from Mississippi and Louisiana, to Kansas and the North-west. Compared with the great body of that race in the Southern States, the whole number of these emigrants is altogether insignificant. Probably not more than ten thousand persons are actually in motion, nor will there probably be more than twice or three times that number during the entire season—scarcely a drop as compared with the five millions of colored people in the country, and mostly in the Southern States. What it may grow to in the future it would be rash to predict, for the whole history of that people is full of strange occurrences, and the number and greatness of its past surprises teach us to be careful in respect to either prophecies or

conjectures respecting them. But thus far the *Black Exodus* is only a small affair; and yet it is significant.

It illustrates the unsettled and quasi-nomadic condition of these people, in their old homes, and especially in the cotton-growing regions. In these parts slavery was never really a domestic institution. The slaves were brought there from the older States, and never became associated with the families and households of their owners, but were herded together like beasts of burden without homes or associations of kindred, or local attachments, perpetually drifting onwards, further and further from their original, and only settled abodes. And now that they are emancipated, and free to follow their own inclinations, being almost absolutely de-localized, they drift readily before any influence that may call them to other localities. People become fixed in their places of residence by whatever they

acquire that is not itself easily movable; but in the lack of property, and settled business, and social standing and relations, a man becomes in character and spirit a waif or drift upon the broad face of the earth. The facility with which this movement has been inaugurated is proof of the social unfixedness and local alienation of the colored people of those States, which is altogether a most undesirable state of affairs.

It shows, also, that the abuses to which the colored people are subjected, in all these parts, are producing their legitimate results. Their attempted practical re-enslavement, and their actual political disfranchisement seem to be reviving in their minds the old idea of self-emancipation by flight, which is greatly facilitated by their changed circumstances, and the absence of any dread of slave-hunters and Fugitive Slave laws. It proves that even the patient non-resisting colored man may be pressed beyond his own powers of endurance, and at length we see him quietly endeavoring to creep away from beneath the heels of his oppressors; and for this faint exhibition of manhood he deserves our reverence and sympathy. The great problems, social, industrial and political, which arise out of the new order of things in the South, do not readily adjust themselves; and though we hear many fine professions about accepting the results of the war for the Union, very certainly they are not accepted, and the processes of a real and permanent pacification is, as yet, scarcely begun. All this unrest is but the symptoms of the deep-seated disorders in Southern society, and these sporadic outbursts of efforts towards change may be much more worthy of consideration as prophecies than as accomplished facts.

If what is actually seen were the whole of the affair it would scarcely deserve a passing thought, and might be dispatched in a brief news item. Evidently, however, it is the outcropping of a deep-seated evil, which may bear fruit in the future, and exercise a very considerable business and financial influence, by demoralizing the labor of the South, and producing uncertainty and suspicions of insecurity, where these things are likely to be especially harmful. And it may be hoped that it will become large enough to convince the Southern whites that it is to their own in-

terest to treat their colored fellow-citizens with some show of decency and fairness. The South needs, for the development of its naturally great capabilities, a considerably large supply of cheap labor, for which the colored people are its only available resource. When, therefore, it shall be seen that their hold upon this labor is an uncertain one, measures for its retention will be used, and through self-interest on the part of the ruling class, the colored people will be treated more justly, and fairly, than hitherto they have been.

The limited experiments now being made help to a better understanding of the great difficulties attendant on the migration of large masses of people, made up not of able-bodied men chiefly, but of whole families, including, as well, women and children, and the aged and infirm. The exodus of Israel from Egypt to Canaan was evidently made successful only by miracles, and yet nearly every one of those who passed the Red Sea died before he reached the age of sixty. Even with the modern appliances of steamboats and railroads, such a movement is very expensive for a poor people, and it imposes a terrible strain upon their powers of endurance. The money cost of removing from their late places on the lower Mississippi to some place in Kansas, or Nebraska, or Colorado, will amount to not less than ten dollars for each person, and that sum is larger than most heads of families can afford; and so what may be lacking will have to be made up by charity. A very considerable mortality may also be anticipated, for it is wonderful how readily people die in such circumstances. But as it is Spring time, and these people are used to "roughing it," and as they are going to a land overloaded with "corn and bacon," it may be hoped that the aggregate of suffering and mortality will be comparatively small.

How forcibly does this relatively small affair illustrate the fatuity of the notion that our entire colored population might be removed to some other country! Waiving all reference to the impossibility of persuading them to leave voluntarily, and to the injustice and cruelty of forcing them away, the physical impossibility of such a work is manifest. To transport the colored population of this country to Africa, as was at one time suggested by Mr. Lincoln, at a hundred dollars apiece for

passage and subsistence, would amount to five hundred millions of dollars; and of those who might survive the horrors of this new "middle passage," no doubt the greater part would perish within the first year. Nothing short of a miracle could render any such a movement at all practicable, and we refer to it simply as an obsolete and absurd fancy. No doubt a hundred years hence these Africo-Americans, will still occupy the places held by them in the period of their original enslavement and subsequent emancipation.

But after these "migrants" shall have reached the Cannan of their hopes, What then? Will their coming be hailed with expressions of alarm or disgust? and will the good people of Kansas imitate the bad examples of their neighbors beyond the Rocky Mountains? Kansas is, indeed, estopped from any such a proceeding by its own early history; and the soul of John Brown, which still goes "marching on," over the length and breadth of the State, it may be assumed will guarantee a safe reception and fair play to these newcomers. And in the remoter portions of that State, and also within the bounds of its northern and western neighbors, there is still "very much land to be possessed." And there is through all these transfluvial regions abundant room for cheap labor, while the means of subsistence, such as these people have been used to, is in unlimited abundance. These are all hopeful facts in the case; and yet we suspect that their condition and necessities will call loudly for the exercise of a thoughtful and munificent charity toward them. No doubt any well-disposed colored family will be greatly profited by exchanging the cotton and cane and rice lands of the South for the grain fields of the West, and also by being placed in the civilization that is already taking possession of that region, instead of the semi-barbarism that they leave behind them. On the whole, while there may be no occasion for any very loud acclaim of joy on account of this strange movement, there seems to be in it much more of good than of evil.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S DEBTS.

THE story of Archbishop Purcell's financial operations, which a few weeks ago had its run in all the newspapers, has already gone into the past, and, except as a matter of business

adjustments, is likely not to be heard of much more. It is as a matter of history that we now refer to it, hoping to find in it something out of which to draw useful hints and instructions. The whole affair appears to us a most remarkable one, both in itself and in its treatment by the press; and now that its discussion appears to be closed, one may ask whether the venerable prelate's conduct in the premises has been approved or censured, whether he is to be pitied as an unfortunate, or condemned as a defaulter who obtained the money of thousands of poor people on the credit of his sacred office and character, and used it in a way that rendered its repayment impracticable. The proper determination of these questions seems to be due to the cause of public morality, and the lessons taught by the whole affair should be carefully deduced and fairly stated. Great public functionaries, whether civil or ecclesiastical, should be held to a strict account for their transactions, since they, beyond all others, affect the public opinion and elevate or depress the standard of practical morality.

We hear the archbishop referred to as among the oldest, best known, and most respected citizens of Cincinnati, which praise down to the time of the exposure of his financial affairs, may be allowed to stand as correct and just. But these revelations put quite another face upon the case. Within the past few years an unusual number of men of hitherto unblemished reputations for honor and integrity, and for both piety and position, have been detected in such irregularities in their business affairs that the guardians of the interests of society have been constrained to bring them to account, and juries have convicted them of high crimes, and our judges have sent them to prison as criminals. All this proves that a man may seem to be of an excellent character while he is engaged in the most nefarious practices, and also that, in some cases at least, the seeming goodness is not accepted as an apology for the manifest wrong actually done. And if that course is the only just and commendable one, then the same rule of judgment should apply all round, and a defalcation and misapplication of trust funds should be properly denounced and punished, whether done by a civil officer or a professional financier or a Church official, of either high or low degree. It will not do to permit any man to escape the censure, nor,

indeed, the penal visitations justly incurred by his wrong-doings, because of either his good reputation in the past nor on account of his high position and relations in society.

Stated in plain and unvarnished terms, it seems that Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, (Roman Catholic), some twenty years ago constituted himself a savings-bank, receiving deposits, chiefly from his own people, in the form of loans, for which he agreed to pay interest, or to reinvest the interest annually, so increasing the principal of the deposit, and to repay when called upon to do so. The money so received was not invested after the usual and approved methods of savings-banks, in safe and readily convertible securities, but was used for the maintenance of the episcopal household, for the building of an imposing cathedral, and numerous other ecclesiastical structures, and for founding and maintaining at great expense a college and theological seminary, which has grown to be a renowned school. The amounts for which the bishop became debited, for moneys received and interest unpaid, are variously estimated at from three to six millions, and the available assets are only about fifty thousand dollars. So the case appeared when it passed into the hands of a receiver, by whom it will perhaps be quietly adjusted, and the whole affair "hushed up."

The treatment that this matter has received from the secular press is rather remarkable. The very same papers that are accustomed to parade every apparent financial irregularity with flaming headings and without waiting for a full presentation of the case touched this one with marked gentleness—handled it with velvety fingers, and seemed over ready to hear and credit any possible explanation that might be given or even promised. Perhaps the latter was the better course; but if so, why was it taken in this case and just the opposite in others? And when at last full time has been given for the promised explanations and justifications, and they are not forthcoming, why is the case dropped out of sight with only the faintest intimations of censure? Of all this only one explanation can be given, and that one is at once alike dishonorable to the secular press and suggestive of peril to the liberties and the morals of the country. Archbishop Purcell is a high dignitary of the Roman

Catholic Church, and that Church is a great political power, of which both the political parties of the country are afraid. Nearly all the secular papers of the country are in some sense organs of one or the other of those parties, and they are accordingly careful not to offend that ecclesiastico-political body, by whose favor they hope to gain or keep for their party the political supremacy in the country. Accordingly the archbishop's case must be treated gently, and nothing said about it that could give offense, and so divert Roman Catholic votes away from the party of the paper that might offend by honestly speaking the truth. This theory of the case meets all its conditions, and renders quite intelligible what otherwise would be a mystery.

We are not disposed to denounce Archbishop Purcell as a heartless and designing swindler, coolly intent upon filching their hard-earned savings away from his people. And we are also equally ready to extend the same charity to those highly respectable gentlemen who, having misused funds intrusted to them, but without any purpose to defraud any body, have, nevertheless, been overtaken by the strong hand of the law, and are now expiating their offenses between stone walls. And if their punishment is not too severe, then why is he treated only to commiseration? We certainly have no wish to contemplate the mitred head of the aged prelate immured in the felon's cell; but we still more decidedly object to that form of public justice that regards the persons and the positions of offenders, and administers its awards unequally. And even still more strongly do we protest against such an abuse of the truth by the organs of public opinion that patent wrong-doing may pass unreprieved on account of the high position of the offender.

If one man may squander trust funds in enriching his bishopric, so may another spend them upon his school or college or hospital or asylum, and still another upon the parks and fountains and other public works of his city, each one at the same time with his coterie of retainers and hangers-on, living sumptuously out of the common funds, to say nothing of any little peculations that might very naturally find a place among such conditions. The whole thing is manifestly and flagrantly wrong, and entirely indefensible. The poor old man is guilty of a life-long offense against com-

mercial honesty and the plainest teachings of heathen morality, to say nothing of the purer lessons of the Sermon on the Mount.

It is not good for Christian ministers to attempt to manage even so much as the finances of the Churches which they serve in their spiritual offices. The example of the apostles, who declared at a very early period of the Church's history that it was not proper that they should "leave the commandments of God to serve tables," and devolved that class of duties upon others, is worthy of universal imitation. Then, if such calamitous failures as those referred to shall occur, the scandal will not fall upon those, who, beyond all others, should avoid the very appearance of evil.

DISCUSSIONS OF CHURCH QUESTIONS.

It is not a little gratifying to be assured by facts that the protracted exclusion of all discussions of questions of Church polity and administration from our official press is not to continue forever. The action of the last General Conference, showing the danger of too great freedom of utterance in one direction by any of our Church papers seems to have done its work most effectually, for not only have the evidently disfavored expressions been avoided, but a dead silence on all kindred points has prevailed. There is one of *Æsop's* fables which runs in this wise: A lion, an ass, and a fox having hunted together all day, and taken much prey, the lion directed the ass to divide the booty in proper shares to each. This was done by making three nearly equal lots; when the lion in a rage smote the ass and killed him, and then commanded the fox to make another division between the two survivors. This he did by laying aside a very small piece for himself and allotting all the rest to his lordly associate. At this the lion seemed greatly pleased, and inquired of the fox of whom he had learned such politeness; and was told of *that dead ass*. It would not be very difficult to apply this fable to the case referred to, and it must be granted that the little foxes not only thoroughly learned, but also have well practiced the lesson taught them. And yet at length there are some signs of a change, if not, indeed, in the lighter weeklies, yet in the grave and dignified *Quarterly*, and for even so much we would be thankful.

In the April number of that periodical,

which is altogether a very good one, we find two full and elaborate articles, each discussing its question of Church polity or law. It matters but little that neither of them is after our mode of thinking; but very much that such discussions are at all allowed. The one on "Methodism and Heresy," is a decidedly creditable paper, by Rev. J. Pullman, of New York East Conference, whose article on Methodist Church Polity, in our "Editor's Study," some months ago, will be recollected by our readers. And for this last, perhaps, we are somewhat responsible, as we gave the provocation that elicited it in something uttered in these columns. It is earnest, manly and generally courteous in tone and language, though probably it will convince but few of its correctness or the practicability of its conclusions.

The other is even more definitely controversial, being a labored discussion on the "conservative" side of the "Presiding Elder Question," by Professor Prentice of Wesleyan University. We are so glad to have even this indication of something besides "the quiet of despotism," in regard to that subject, that we are not disposed to criticise very closely either its manner or its substance. Evidently to himself, he seems to make his case, though very likely his arguments will convince nobody not already persuaded. It is in some sense a reply to the two pamphlets of Drs. Cummings and Wise, which are treated as very flimsy, very dull, and very harmless productions with a "natural attraction for a kindly oblivion." We are told that the Church has no interest in the subject, and that the "discussion has died out of our public journals;" but for obvious reasons, ever since the last General Conference, the subject has not been discussed, but has been practically tabooed; and Drs. Wise and Cummings were compelled, in order to get their thoughts into print, to issue them at their own cost, and in tract form, being shut out of the Church papers, and to circulate them as best they could, entirely unaided by the Book Concern and the Church press. It is easy, if not quite manly, to sneer at the disadvantages imposed by the *ins* upon the *outs*; but still we rejoice that the silence that seemed to have fallen upon the subject is broken. Possibly the effort to make the worse appear the better cause, may not be entirely unproductive of a better understanding of the question.

